John Bull, November 4, 1933

TWOPENCE
Vol. LIV.
1429.

PLAIN WORDS TO LORD BEATTY PAGES 22 & 23

JOHN BULL

A glass of GUINNESS is a cheerful sight

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 944.C.

28, 1933
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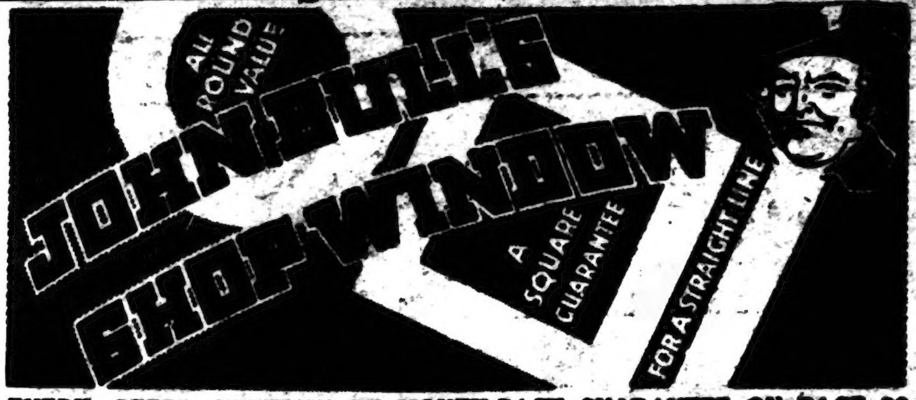
Have a spot of the EMPIRE'S BEST—AUSTRALIAN WINE



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2 Good Strong Sheets	50x70
2 White Pillow Slips	30x18
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1 Art Printed Bedspread
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Art. Silk and Corded Cushion Cover
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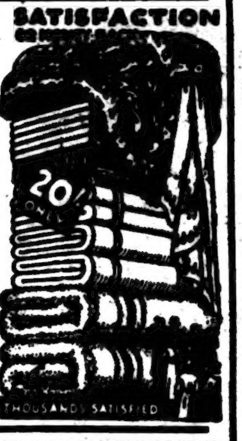

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Well made in strong, hard-wearing material with dark ground and faint stripe. Waist 30-40 in. Post and packing 9d. **3/11**

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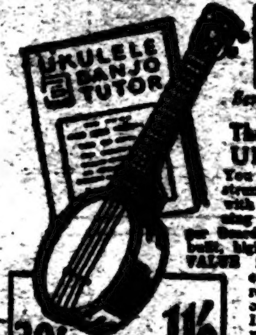

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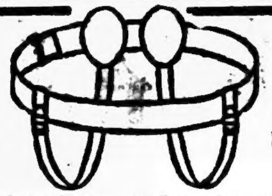

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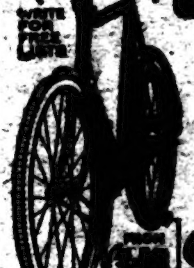

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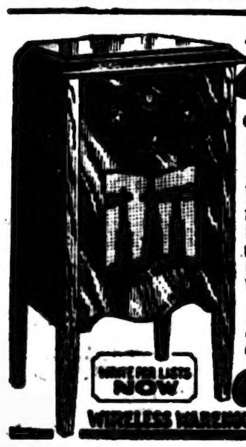

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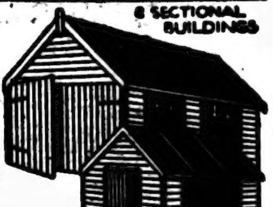

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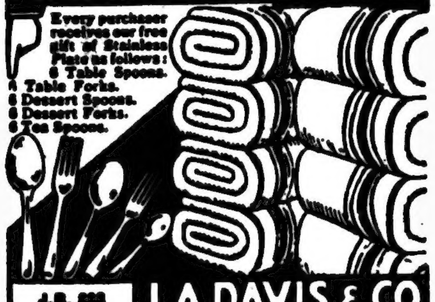

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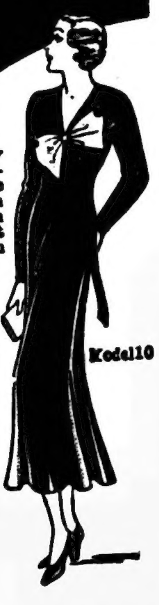

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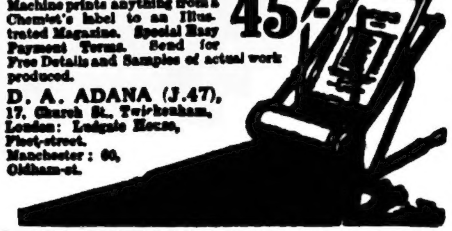

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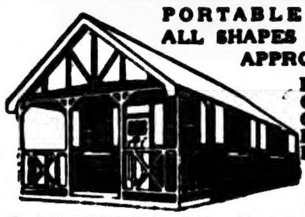

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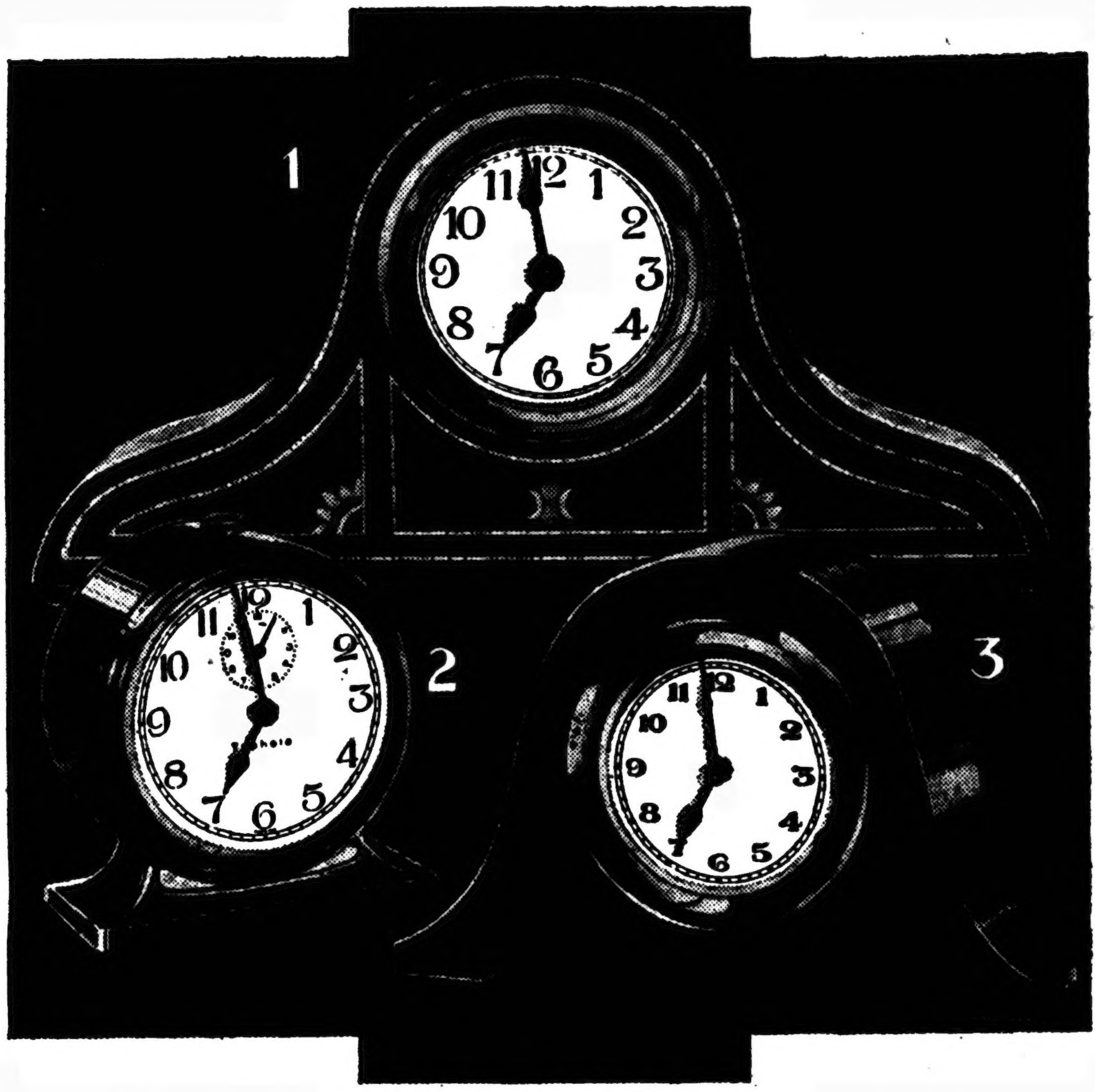

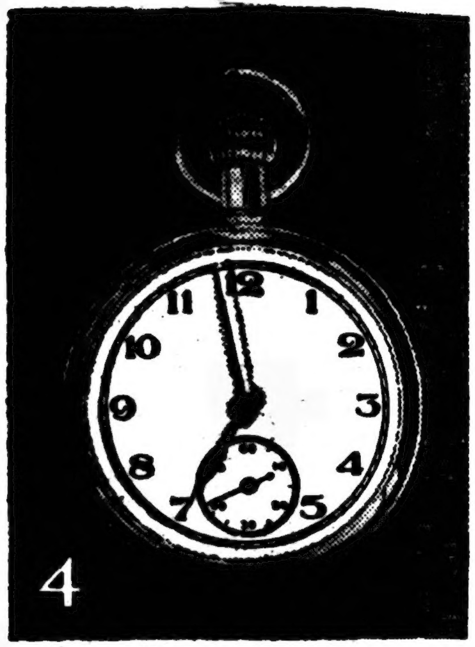

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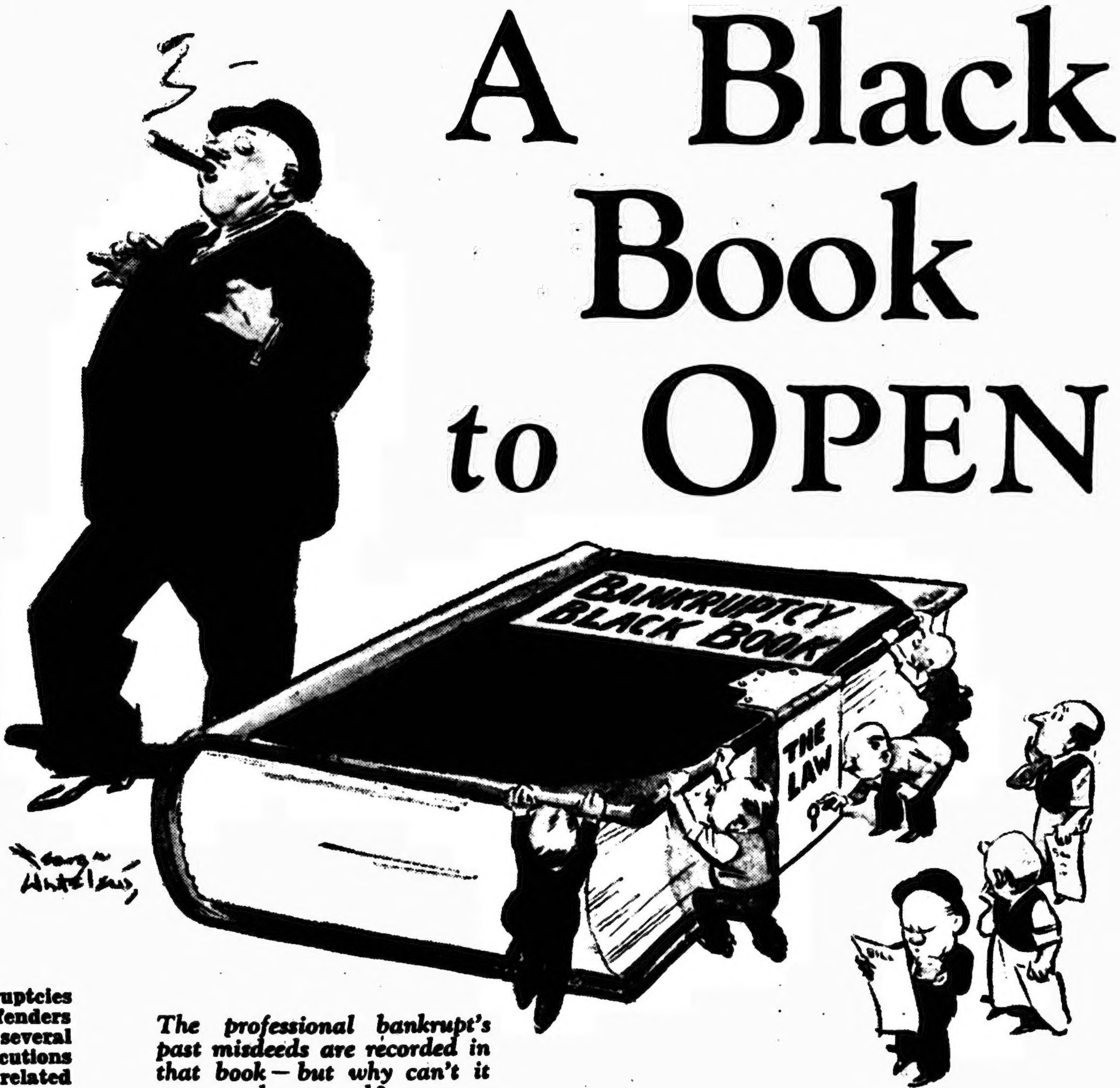
Without Fear or Favour

A Black Book to OPEN



The professional bankrupt's past misdeeds are recorded in that book—but why can't it be opened?

THE staggering figure of over £11,000,000 was involved in the 4,500 bankruptcies that occurred in this country last year.

So much is revealed in a recently published official report. But that document says nothing about the nation-wide tragedy that lies behind the bald statistics it discloses.

Not a word about the fact that tens of thousands of traders and countless investors suffer through a foolish law which operates in favour of even the most hardened bankrupt.

That is a scandal to which we would draw immediate attention.

A large proportion of last year's bankruptcies was either fraudulent or concerned offenders who had been previously bankrupt on several occasions. Yet only ten serious prosecutions ensued, and even then the indictments related to other offences as well.

It is a fact that bankrupts can fail again and again with impunity unless their commercial failures have been coupled with acts of fraudulent conversion, false pretences, or barefaced fraud. And the more persistent offenders are quite wily enough to prosper without committing themselves unduly.

THERE are some who may truthfully be said to thrive upon failure!

Even the undischarged bankrupt who hoodwinks his creditors in new enterprises by concealing the facts of his past disastrous career is likely—though the maximum punishment is a two years' sentence—to get off with a fine or a few months' imprisonment.

The police are hardly encouraged to proceed against offenders of this class, for the trifling punishment generally inflicted does not seem to justify prolonged enquiry with all the expense of collecting evidence and financing a prosecution.

So the public suffers.

The persistent bankrupt is favoured indeed. He gets it all his own way as a rule. The poor, deluded creditor finds that when he wants to invoke the aid of the law he is fettered with red tape.

Bankruptcy records and files, which keep hundreds of highly-paid officials busily engaged all over the country, and for which the taxpayer has to pay, are not available to those who may need them most.

They are kept so safely tucked away from public inspection that they might just as well be at the bottom of the sea.

Only the bankrupt himself and his earlier creditors have the right to examine them.

Knowing this, the bankrupt can safely go forth in search of fresh victims. Officialdom will aid him by keeping his murky financial past dark! He can go on from failure to failure, serene in the knowledge that his dupes cannot examine his past financial record should they ever suspect that he has one.

A few instances will show how this rule penalises the public and safeguards the professional bankrupt.

A few days ago a man appeared at the London Bankruptcy Court before Mr. Registrar Mellor. His liabilities were over £5,000, while his assets were not expected to produce more than a few pounds.

He had been bankrupt on six previous occasions, and in most of his failures the creditors had been blissfully unaware of his bad record.

It had not been necessary for him to devise any cloak. He had always traded in his own name. But any enquiries made about him would have been abortive so far as the official bankruptcy records are concerned.

Prospective victims would have been forbidden to inspect them; only those already caught in previous ventures could have enjoyed that privilege. And of course they would know all about him already!

Small wonder that judges, magistrates, and officials of trade protection societies have expressed themselves strongly about our bankruptcy laws!

ONE of our staff investigators had occasion to visit a bankruptcy court recently in the course of his enquiries into the activities of a man who had been the subject of serious complaints.

This man's victims are countless, and have been induced by him to invest thousands of pounds in dubious undertakings *promoted by him while still undischarged from three previous bankruptcies.*

They had no knowledge of his bad record, of course, and when our investigator discovered this information, he made a special journey to one of the bankruptcy courts concerned in the hope that the authorities would be able to assist in the public interest.

The officials were most courteous; but they were not allowed to help. "Are you a creditor?" he was asked. As he was not, he had to be turned away. That is the law.

Limited liability company files are open for public inspection; but bankruptcy files, though even more vital to intending investors or creditors, are sacrosanct. Only a person already duped may see them; and even then he must fill in a form and pay a fee.

IT matters not that a bankrupt may be heading for fresh disaster, or that a brief inspection would save further victims from falling into his clutches. The law guards his guilty secrets for him!

Countless instances might be given where people have been ruined by bankrupts whose pasts were thus officially cloaked.

One rogue, five times a bankrupt, netted a final haul of over £70,000 from victims who had no idea that he had been previously through the courts.

At the London Bankruptcy Court an index is kept of all bankrupts, no matter in what part of the country their failures have taken place.

Why are these valuable records not used for the full protection of the public? The information thus amassed throughout the years might be instrumental in saving countless people from ruin.

While we do not advocate that these records should be pried into by any casual person, what objection can there be to allowing a genuine enquirer to consult them? The trader who has failed through sheer ill-fortune has nothing to fear. It is only the dishonest bankrupt who would object. And why should he be considered?

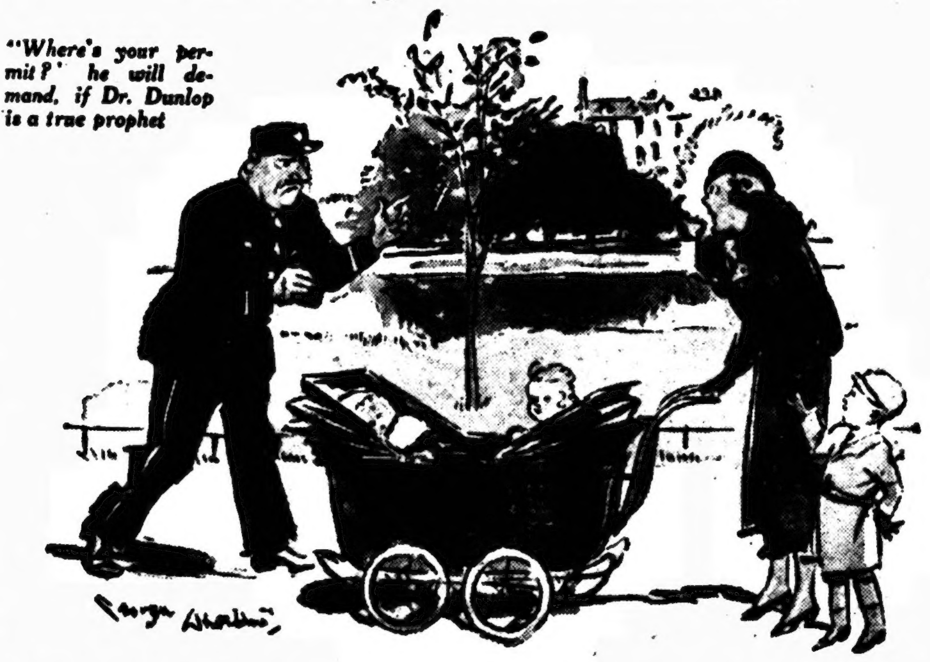
Until this foolish regulation is swept away hardened rogues will continue to thrive on bankruptcy. The Black Book of their "past" is one we want to see opened.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Permits for Babies!—What'll They Want Next?

Arms and the Income-Tax

The Bully on the Doorstep



"Where's your permit?" he will demand, if Dr. Dunlop is a true prophet

THERE was once a blessed word—Mesopotamia.

There is now, in some quarters, a blessed word—Official.

Some people have only got to roll this word round their mouths to be convinced that they are talking god-inspired wisdom. Unfortunately they convince other people, too.

Now, JOHN BULL does not consider "official" a blessed word at all. We know only too well the evils that are committed in its name. We suspect it whenever we see it.

Permits for mothers!

This week we suspect it, very heavily, in the mouth of one Dr. Binnie Dunlop, who wants mothers to be debarred by law from having more than two babies "without an official permit."

We don't know whether Dr. Dunlop is one of a family of two or two dozen. We do know that if the doctor's parents had rigidly practised birth control they would have saved us from a piece of impertinent nonsense.

Speaking from experience

We also know that the Bishop of Exeter has had six children. This may be one of the reasons why he wants professional people to be ordered to have large families in order to keep up the nation's "high standard of intellect."

We should think a good deal more of the Bishop's intellect if he devoted it to other matters.

But if he can't do that, let him address his orders to Dr. Dunlop.

The big and little

Imagine a mother walking in the park with a child at her side and two babies in a perambulator. Imagine, too, an official busybody stopping her and angrily demanding to see her permit for the youngest baby!

That is presumably what Dr. Dunlop would like to see. And that is why Dr. Dunlop tires us.

Now imagine the same official hauling the same mother off to jail because she has only three children instead of six or seven.

Is that what the Bishop of Exeter would like to see?

Who, when, and what?

We dare say a lot of other cranky folk would like State busybodies to tell us just when and whom we should marry, and when we should die.

The best thing about them is that they all disagree, always have disagreed and will doubtless continue to disagree for ever.

The one thing the Dr. Dunlops never seem to consider is a man's ability to afford a large or small family. Some people have to deny themselves in order to feed and clothe a single child. Others can afford to keep a regiment.

Some women are not fitted to bear children. Some could have many without suffering unduly.

Our would-be dictators ignore such important factors. But they may be forgiven. At least they provide the public with a little mild amusement.

Arms or less tax?

Would you like a bigger Army, Navy, and Air Force, or a reduction in your income-tax?

We're pretty certain what your answer will be, but we're doubtful if Parliament will agree with you.

The choice will have to be made, for there will be a large surplus for the next Budget. But if the Diehards who want the extra cruisers and fighting 'planes get their way, no money will be left for the tax reduction that industry and the public wants.

False plea

It's no use the Government pleading that by building warships and aeroplanes it will be helping employment.

It can give a great deal more work by handing back the surplus to the taxpayers in the form of a shilling off the income-tax.

It can—and should—refuse to join in the mad race to pile up armaments that is once more convulsing the world.

No one wants Britain to be left defenceless. But only the fools want us to turn Britain into an armed camp.

Street-door pests

There is another thing that Parliament must be told.

Hundreds of thousands of suburban housewives are living in a state of terror.

They are constantly called to the door to answer so-called hawkers and beggars. Some of these men genuinely deserve help. But some are just burglars scouting for an opening. Others frighten the woman—who is usually alone in the house—into handing over money to get rid of them.

Danger to housewives

In many suburban roads a policeman appears only once or twice a day. The doorstep bullies know this as well as the housewives.

It has proved a very unwise "saving" to keep the country's police forces at an inadequate strength and to refrain from filling vacancies in the ranks.

The Home Secretary should end this before any more harm is done.

Let them go!

We see that a landlord who died recently left £190,000. He also left instructions that the bequests to hospitals should be cut out of his will if death duties were increased.

He added that the "dole" encouraged idleness, and that if he were a younger man he would have gone to live in some country where there is less "State robbery by taxation."

We shall not speak ill of the dead, but there are a lot of men like that landlord still living and insulting the workless.

And we hope they will speedily leave Britain for some country where there are no unemployed and consequently little "State robbery."

Boot them!

Equally unpleasant is the story of the Bolton unemployed who, in order to get their relief payment, have to dig ground that has been made heavy and sodden by recent rain.

The men complain that after a spell of digging their shoes are almost dropping from their feet. They can't afford to buy new boots, and they think the Public Assistance Committee should provide suitable footwear.

The committee thinks otherwise. We should not only like to provide the men with proper boots, but to boot their callous committee as well.

Deserved retirement

Stoke-on-Trent goes to the other extreme in spending its citizens' money. We told a few weeks ago how it had spent £600 on furnishing a lady's retiring-room at the town hall.

The room now looks so nice that the council thinks it ought to be turned into the Lord Mayor's parlour and the present parlour turned into a lady's retiring-room—doubtless at the cost of a few more hundreds.

We think it might be better for the ratepayers if the entire council was retired.

In Ireland

Some people wonder whether Irishmen really have a sense of humour. Of course they have!

A Dublin court has just sentenced two men to six months in jail and a fine of £50 each for selling Italian sweepstake tickets. And the judge ordered them to be deemed "rogues and vagabonds."

That really took place in Ireland—while the draw for the Cambridgeshire Irish "sweep" was going on!

Caution

Equally strange things happen in Britain.

Mr. Edmund Blackburn, of Leeds, was fined 40s. by the York magistrates for driving cautiously down a narrow and busy street, not knowing there was a police car behind him.

That sounds crazy—and it is. But the summons was for "leaving his car for a long and unreasonable time."

Well, the quarter sessions has reversed that amazing judgment, saying his so-called offence was merely that he was "too apprehensive of the safety of pedestrians." We hope he continues to be apprehensive.

When straight is crooked

Now a word to Sir Herbert Wilberforce, the great man in the world of tennis.

He says he "has no wish to encourage competitions in which professionals take part," and "no sympathy with those ex-amateurs who seek to earn their living by playing in public for money."

What we should like to hear is what he thinks about those "amateur" players who contrive to make far more money out of the game than the professionals.

We prefer the straight "pro" to the sham "amateur."

Hymns of hate

But we were glad to see that the Dean of Durham has banned certain verses of the Psalms from his cathedral.

We wish every parson would refuse to pray that because a man is deceitful his children should become fatherless and beg their bread. his prayers should be a sin, and no one should show favour to his children.

"Why we sing things that are definitely un-Christian, I don't know," says the Dean. Nor do we.

The way to health

We all know that milk, properly treated, is one of the finest aids to health. But every year tubercular milk kills 2,000 children alone and deforms many others.

Yet every one could be saved if housewives would only boil the milk!

That is the statement just issued by some of the country's most eminent doctors. We should like to see its advice followed in every home in the land.

Shameful proposal

That reminds us that thousands of people will be condemned to a lingering death if a new tax proposal is adopted.

In a fortnight's time it will be decided whether to treble the duty on insulin. Insulin—the only hope for sufferers from diabetes—is already so dear that poor and middle-class patients can hardly afford to buy enough to keep them alive.

Presumably someone thinks they shouldn't be allowed to live.

Prompt to save

But everyone's admiration will go out to the London surgeon, Dr. R. L. Dodds, who gave his own blood to save the life of a woman on whom he was operating.

Had he delayed in order to call in another doctor or blood donor, his patient would have died.

Our doctors make so many sacrifices in secret that we're glad the act of Dr. Dodds was made known.

Hero, aged three

Equally prompt in an attempt to save life was John Gordon, of Southend, when his friend fell into the sea.

Now, John is only three years old, but he toddled into the water and held his playmate until a woman arrived and dragged them out.

If John always behaves with the same presence of mind when he grows up he'll certainly be a man worth knowing.

Unlawful taxes

It is a public scandal that income-tax should be collected by unauthorised means.

We hear of many such cases. One concerns a widow in receipt of a pension from her late husband's employers. It was taxed, and when she asked for a refund was referred to a very complicated section of the law.

She went on paying for years before getting expert advice. Then, after being threatened with legal action, Somerset House admitted itself in the wrong!

Some of the tax officials need a little education.

Sex war—latest news

The "battle of the sexes" is getting stranger than ever.

Fleetwood's Hotel and Apartments Association has dismissed its secretary and treasurer because they are men! It says that the question of holiday accommodation is a woman's affair.

What would it say if women were sacked on the excuse that industry is a man's affair?

"Smith the swindler"

The article appearing under this heading in our issue of October 21 dealing with Raymond Smith had, of course, no connection with Mr. Raymond Dayer-Smith, who is a director of a well-known advertising agency, S. Watkinson, Ltd., of 115, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

No promotion

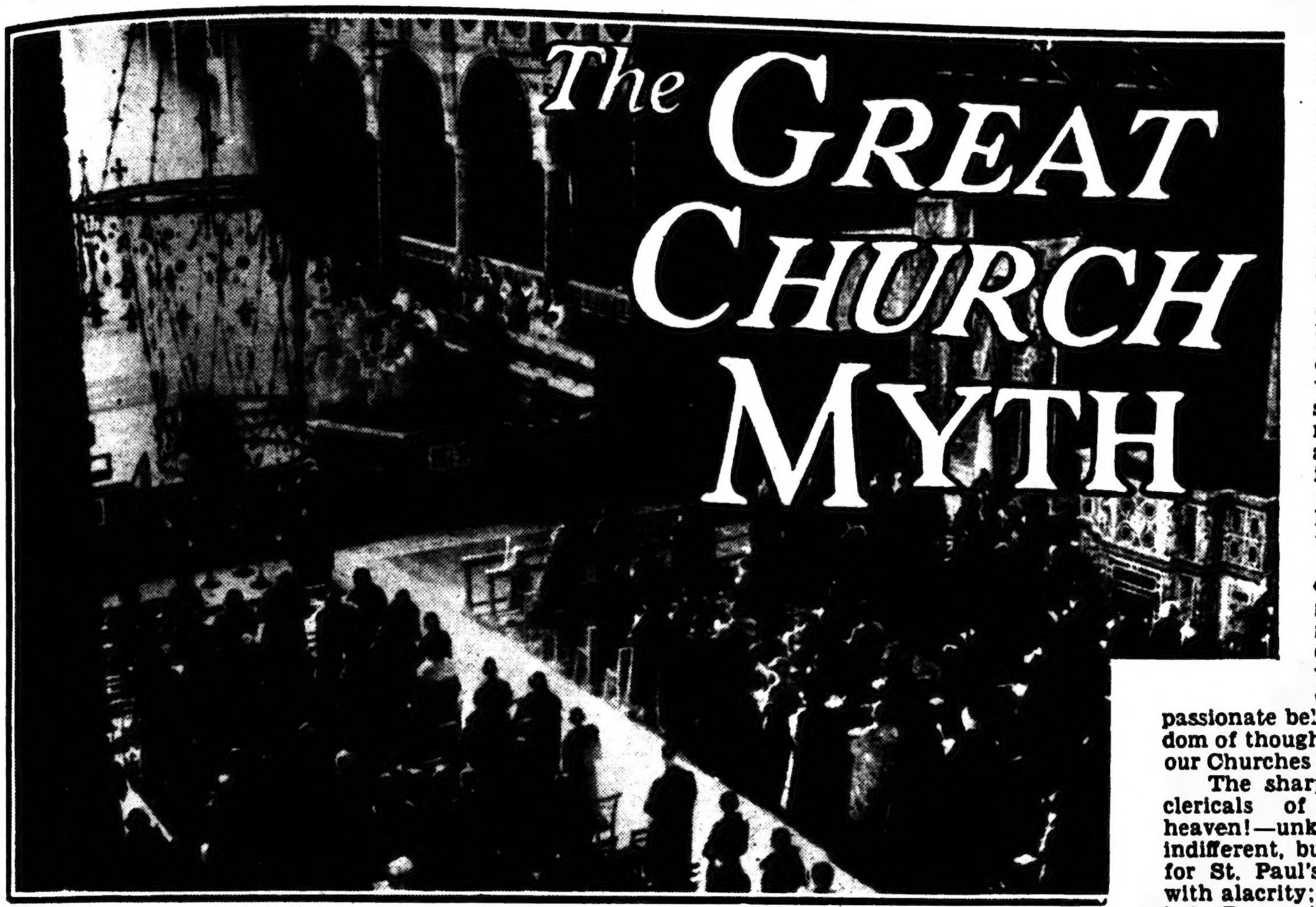
London's evening institutes have a rule that no instructor engaged in commercial work can become a principal.

Yet most of the institutes are concerned with commercial subjects.

And most of the institutes continue to show a decline in the number of pupils. Perhaps the lack of business heads is responsible.

12 DEC 33

The GREAT CHURCH MYTH



"The Englishman is proud of the national religion and has very deep down a love of the essential Christianity for which the Church stands in this country"

by the Rev. Dr. Percy DEARMER,

Canon of Westminster

A LITTLE while ago a film was shown in a great Midland town which began with the caption, "Why don't people go to church?" Then came the picture, which showed a huge crowd slowly emerging from the church hard by, and then the words were shot on the screen—"They do!"

This is illuminating. There is a lot of nonsense talked about people not going to church; and it is generally talked by those who do not go themselves, and therefore have no means of knowing how small or how large congregations are.

Moreover, there is, of course, much justification for the statement.

In some places churches are badly attended; and this is especially true of London. From large districts the population has disappeared, and offices have taken the place of homes.

Thirty years ago there was still a caretaker in houses of this sort; but modern mechanical improvements are making the practice common of leaving houses of the latest construction without even a caretaker.

But in the London area, as all over England, new suburbs are rising and new churches are being built; and suburban churches are generally very well filled.

LONDON itself is in a peculiar position, because the present Bishop has held office during the whole of this century, and during this time he has promoted many partisans of his own who have in not a few cases changed the services to which people were accustomed, and introduced customs which the congregations (rightly or wrongly) associated with Rome. (Sometimes the accusation is justified, but often it is not.)

There is some demand for what are called "ornate" services, and these may be perfectly loyal to the Church of England; but the demand is not large, and one or two churches in a large town are enough to supply it.

In London there are far more places of the ornate kind than are needed; the supply exceeds the demand, and as a result only a certain proportion are well attended.

I myself went to a church of this type a little while ago, and the congregation consisted of two charladies.

At the other end, some London churches are ill-attended because there has been no change for half a century, and the whole atmosphere is faded and threadbare.

The further you go from London, the better, on the whole, the churches are attended.

I have a friend whose duties call him to places all over the country; and he tells me that officials who ought to know, like archdeacons and rural deans, say that there has been considerable improvement in recent years, and that most churches are well filled, at least in the evening; and that the young people far outnumber the middle-aged. I have noticed the same myself in different parts of England.

But London swarms with journalists, who naturally judge things by that very peculiar and rather un-English city. So they chat in Fleet Street, and casual remarks appear in the papers, and people who never go near a church, like Mr. H. G. Wells or Mr. C. E. M. Joad, pass them on in the more permanent form of books, forgetting how slender are their sources of information.

Besides it must be remembered that there are professed enemies of our national institutions and of our churches. We tolerate a large immigrant population; and not all of the recent arrivals show gratitude for our hospitality. Many disparaging things are said about those national institutions that have made England great, and these are passed round and believed.

If you want to know how strong such alien influences can be, you have only to go to America, or to talk to an American about the struggle they have had over there to preserve their national character. The easiest way to disintegrate such national character is to weaken a nation's expression of its deepest convictions—its religion—and the simplest way to do that is to say that its religion is declining.

And there is obvious excuse for this, because church-going did certainly decline in the nineteenth century—not on England only, but all over Europe. We have for London at least three censuses (the last in 1905) which prove this for all denominations.

A hundred years ago it was the proper thing for everyone who was at all respectable to go to church on Sunday. So it had been a hundred years before that; and the galleries that were erected all over the country show how overflowing were the congregations.

IT is rather absurd to talk, as some still do, about the "great Church revival of the nineteenth century" when that century was really one of steady loss.

My estimate is that this decline continued to the beginning of the present century. At all events, the number of candidates for the ministry reached its lowest point about twenty years ago—and there we have certain and reliable statistics.

Well, the number of candidates has now been steadily rising for several years. I think that is but one sign of a general religious revival, and though much of the new spirit is independent of all Churches, the general result is an increase of interest in religious institutions and in public worship.

What is called "church membership" is even more difficult to estimate. The Nonconformist Churches (using the adjective in its strict sense, which includes the Church of Rome) keep statistics, but the Church of England displays no figures which can give an estimate of its membership.

The number of voters to the Parochial Church Councils is large, but the names thus recorded are only a fraction of the total. People who wish to become voters have to sign their names on an electoral roll; and this many refuse to do, for among working folk, and especially in the villages, there is a rooted (and not entirely unjustifiable) dislike of signing one's name to anything.

The Englishman is not at all ecclesiastically minded, but he is generally proud of the national religion and has very deep down a love of the essential Christianity for which the Church stands in this country, and a silent but almost passionate belief in the religious liberty, the freedom of thought, expression and worship for which our Churches have come to stand.

The sharp division into clericals and anti-clericals of Continental nations is—thank heaven!—unknown to him. He may seem to be indifferent, but when a million pounds is wanted for St. Paul's Cathedral the people produce it with alacrity; and when the old cry, "The Church is in Danger," is raised they fly to arms.

The struggle over Prayer Book revision in 1927 and 1928 was a significant example of this attachment, not only widespread but deep, to the English tradition in religion.

Many people thought (rightly or wrongly) that the character of the Prayer Book would be changed as a result of the proposed alterations. So, after a long and careful debate in the House of Lords, the House of Commons devoted two days to the discussion of theology and liturgies—an amazing spectacle that would be unthinkable in any other country. The temper of the debate was so earnest as to silence all criticism.

This is the English way in matters of religion. . . . Is not such a spirit the highest witness to the reality of the Englishman's religion, and the best evidence of his Church membership?

He is shy about labelling himself, reluctant to parade, and his slackness in enrolling himself as a member of a particular Church is a nuisance to all clergymen and ministers; but he worships more than they think, and when the world is in crisis he does seriously endeavour to do the right thing—the Christian thing.

AND at this moment, amid a world seething with nationalistic passion and rocked by dictatorships, Great Britain stands secure and marks out the goal for the world to reach.

It is because the Englishman would have religious systems judged by their fruits, and not because he is (as people are always saying) illogical, that you cannot estimate Church membership by making King David's mistake of numbering the people.

Give the typical Englishman a census paper including the entry "Religion," which he is obliged by law to fill up, and he will put himself down "Church of England." But that is precisely what cannot be done in this country, for it is characteristic of English ways that there is no entry for religion in our census forms.

If you ask multitudes of Englishmen, "Have you enrolled yourself a Church member?" they would answer, "There is no need. As an Englishman I belong to the National Church." If they stood outside the national religion, then they would enrol themselves under the head of their choice, but not otherwise.

Is that position wrong? As a humble theologian I would answer "No."

Every baptised Englishman is a member of the Church of England unless he declares himself to be otherwise. Free Churchmen, as well as Anglicans, are already members of the Church of England. That is the old position accepted in many a legal decision. The more both Anglicans and Free Churchmen realise this, the more quickly our quite needless and very un-Christian divisions will be made to vanish.

Does anyone think this too vague? To wish to live together in active fellowship as followers of Christ is not vague. I think this is what most of our fellow-countrymen feel, and feel in their very bones. And that is why it is difficult to attach labels to them.

The MARTYRED

A snapshot of Ethel Bennett and Frederick Hall, taken during the period she was enjoying freedom "on licence" from the Board of Control

THIS is the story the whole nation should know—the full and astonishing story of Ethel Bennett, the Mother who was Forbidden to Marry, who is now a "mental defective" patient in the maternity ward of a great Poor Law institution—the Dudley Road Hospital, Birmingham.

Behind poor Ethel Bennett and her lately born son stands the grim, overpowering shadow of the Board of Lunacy Control.

Every single line of criticism which has been written in JOHN BULL in condemnation of the methods of the Board of Control is justified a hundredfold by the exceptional history of Ethel Bennett.

For what has happened to her proves beyond all reasonable doubt the lengths to which officials of the Board of Control will go towards securing for their lifetime the supervision and custody of individuals who have come—at some stage or other—under the Mental Deficiency rules and regulations.

Only the incidence of circumstance—and the intervention of Sir Ernest Wild, Recorder of the City of London—has saved Ethel Bennett from what was virtually imprisonment for life under the hand of the Board of Lunacy Control.

As it is, the Board has prevented her marriage to the man she loves. Her child would have been born in wedlock, *but for the Board.*

Instead that baby is branded with illegitimacy, by order of the Board of Lunacy Control.

Lost home

The story of the tragedy of Ethel Bennett goes back to 1915, when she was a smart, attractive looking, dark haired girl in her teens, living and working at Birmingham.

Her mother died, the Bennett home was broken up, and there came the moment when Ethel Bennett was out of employment and in the greatest distress, with no home, and no near relatives to whom she could turn for help.

Official helpers came. It would be more true to say "officious helpers." She was caught up in the machinery of so-called welfare visitors and Poor Law assistance; was worried into ill-health and transferred to an institution.

Nothing until then had been known against Ethel. She had been an excellent pupil at school, and an admirable worker when in employment—a typical honest, hardworking child of poor parents.

Her only afflictions were her loneliness and her poverty. But as a friendless girl she had fallen into the clutches of the "welfare workers," and because of her illness and distress she was certified as a mentally defective girl.

JOHN BULL readers who have followed our campaign against the Board of Control will realise that from that day her fate was sealed.

Eighteen years have passed since then. Ethel Bennett is a mature woman now, and still she cannot say why the Board of Control's harpies claimed her as a victim, and robbed her of the best years of her life. The whole business remains a mystery to her.

"I cannot understand it," she declares, "and I never could understand it. There was no adequate reason at all why I should have been certified. It was unjust."

So, at the age of eighteen, Ethel Bennett was despatched to an institution for mental defectives.

And thus she remained in one establishment or another for year after year, living the life of a captive in company with other similar unfortunates.

She had no friends to whom she could appeal; no one to fight her cause against the tyrannous and all-powerful Board.

Year after year she dragged on her dreary existence in institutions, until about five years ago, when she reached the age of thirty. Then even the Board of Control officials would not pretend any longer that she was an imbecile. So she was marked down as one of those cases that had responded to "treatment" so well that she could be released for outside employment on the terms of the iniquitous form of licence which is the Control Board's "ticket-of-leave."

From Darenth Training Colony, Dartford, Ethel Bennett—still officially a mental defective—was placed in approved domestic service. One of the conditions of the licence under which she was released was that she must never in any way associate with a person of the opposite sex.

We have made complete investigations into the career of Ethel Bennett from the time she left Darenth. Without question she was a thoroughly reliable and intelligent servant. Her employers and all those people she met speak most highly of the young woman.

She was, in their opinion, above the average, mentally—a girl who took an intelligent interest in books and in study. She could talk cleverly, she could write well. Yet to the Board of Control she was still a mental defective!

No friendship!

One of the situations which Ethel Bennett obtained was on the household staff of a leading South London hospital.

While at this hospital she met a young man whom she grew very fond of. Her affection was reciprocated, and for the first time for many long years this poor disregarded victim of tyranny was happy.

The young man, Frederick George Hall, lived in Herbert Road, Putney. His sister worked at the hospital with Ethel Bennett and the two young women were friends. So the introduction of Hall and Ethel Bennett was in accordance with the usual orthodox conventions.

But this friendship was against the regulations of the Board of Lunacy Control. Ethel Bennett, a mental defective

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Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

SLOW DOWN

THE motto "Ca' canny" used to be criticised more severely than it would be to-day, for we have learned to our cost that over-production is one of the causes of unemployment; and those are right who say that it is better to produce less and keep jobs going than to produce more and cause a glut.

The same principle holds good in other spheres than those of employer and employed. There is not one of us who does not need at some time or other to go slow if he is to do his best with life.

Two hundred years ago a great French teacher told his disciples that it was true wisdom to surround all their activities with an air of leisure, to learn to do more by doing less, and occasionally to go slow even when the need for haste seemed imperative.

This was good counsel, and more applicable to present conditions than to those of the age in which it was first uttered.

The enforced idleness which is one of the biggest troubles of our modern world has increased rather than diminished the pressure of worry and care in tens of thousands of homes and lives, for idleness puts a greater strain on character and self-command than regular occupation

Some of you who read these words are never free from pressure on nerve and brain; you live habitually in an overwrought state, become irritable, fretful, apprehensive of evil, bothered and distracted by little things, irked by people you cannot avoid, and ready to explode at any moment because of petty annoyances you would laugh at if you saw them on the stage.

The task of running a household or a little business may make as big demands on courage and temper as the administration of an empire or the leadership of an army in the field.

As the Bible says: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

One prolific cause of nervous breakdown is constant tension, a feverish, unremitting strain due to the quite mistaken assumption that we cannot relax. We are all tempted to imagine ourselves indispensable and to believe that things will go wrong in our tiny sphere of operations if we are not always going full steam ahead.

It is quite a delusion. I suffered from it myself till I was laid aside by a bad illness, which taught me the salutary lesson that I was not as much missed as I thought I would be and that things went on as well without me as with me.

My advice to anyone who has got into what one may call the vicious habit of not being able to rest or to escape from the pull and drive of daily existence is: Slow down. Make yourself do it, whatever the immediate cost. You are probably quite mistaken as to what would happen if you took your responsibilities more easily and quietly.

It is a good thing to be alone sometimes, and to force yourself to sit still and do nothing when your nerves are jumping and your ideas tumbling over one another in your head.

The instant you feel yourself getting out of hand, over-eager, fractious, impatient, you hear a warning to stop.

When you are completely master of yourself you will be master of your circumstances. "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

A Story All Britain Should Know

MOTHER

under licence, must not meet or associate with a person of the opposite sex.

In consequence, an inspector under the Board interviewed Frederick Hall and warned him that the friendship must cease at once. The inspector also called on Miss Hall, the sister, and told her she should use her influence to break off the association.

All the time, be it remembered, Ethel Bennett was earning her own living without complaint from her employers, and was in every way a normal young woman.

So Frederick Hall and Ethel Bennett decided that, whatever the Board might say, they were going to get married.

The formal notice of the marriage was posted at the Putney district register office, and arrangements were actually made for the wedding to take place.

Wedding stopped

Ethel Bennett and Frederick Hall had even planned their home, but they had planned without regard to the Board of Control.

Suddenly the Board acted ruthlessly —it sent an inspector to stop the wedding, although it was known that Ethel Bennett was to become a mother.

Information was laid with the police that Frederick Hall had committed an offence against a person who was graded as a "mental deficient." The man was arrested, brought before the magistrate at the South Western Police Court, and committed to stand his trial at the Central Criminal Court of London.

Meanwhile, the young woman was taken back once more into the full custody of the Board of Control, and moved, under escort, to the hospital institution at Birmingham.

But, if the young couple reckoned without the Board of Control, the Board of Control reckoned without Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder at the Old Bailey. Because, when Frederick Hall appeared there to stand his trial, an astonishing thing happened.

For one thing, it was revealed that Hall had been in trouble with the police in the past, and had a bad record. But from the moment he came into contact with the young woman, his whole character had changed for the better.

She saved him

Ethel Bennett, the supposed "mental defective," had so influenced his life that he had reformed, and turned away completely from his old habits. Police witnesses bore testimony to this.

What a remarkable commentary on the work of the Board of Lunacy Control —an old offender "saved" in the eyes of the police by a young woman whom the Board held captive as a "mental defective."

And still more unpalatable facts for the Board to swallow came to light.

This "mentally defective" woman wrote from the institution in Birmingham to the Recorder of London personal letters pleading for the man she hopes to marry.

Remarkable letters in every way, these messages which Ethel Bennett penned to Sir Ernest Wild—letters well expressed, full of reasoned argument, telling something of her pathetic record and of the happiness she had discovered in her love for the reformed Frederick Hall.

Those letters are now on the files of the Old Bailey. They show—beyond any other evidence—that Ethel Bennett, the "mentally defective," is as sane and sensible as any other woman alive.

"I think you or I would have been proud to be able to write such letters," said Sir Ernest Wild to the prosecuting counsel. That remark indicated in unmistakable terms what the Recorder thought of the alleged mental deficiency of Ethel Bennett.

It is significant that Ethel Bennett was not produced by the Board of Control in court to stand before the Recorder for him to judge of her mental quality and character by her evidence. She could have been brought to the court at the first hearing of the case if she had not been spirited out of London.

Obvious reasons existed, of course, for keeping her out of court. Her appearance and her statement would have immediately dispelled the grotesque suggestion of her mental deficiency, and would have raised doubts as to whether she was ever in that condition.

Perfectly normal

But, because of the Recorder's insistence and criticisms, the Board of Control was forced to allow an independent medical officer to examine the young woman.

It was found by this expert that *she was normal in every way*, and, in all probability, had been perfectly normal for at least five years past—that is to say, perfectly normal for the whole period during which she was released for employment as "mentally defective."

In the light of this revelation, one may well ask: For how much longer than this term of five years has Ethel Bennett been a sane, normal, healthy young woman, without trace of mental trouble? For what long period of years has she been kept unjustifiably under the enforced guardianship of the Board of Control?

Sir Ernest Wild, through whose kindly intervention Ethel Bennett will be set free

Events since the Old Bailey trial emphasise the reluctance of the Board to make amends for the injustice it has perpetrated.

A promise was given to the Recorder of London that Ethel Bennett's certificate of mental deficiency would be immediately withdrawn, but the Board of Control has been strangely tardy in redeeming this undertaking. She is still at the Dudley Road Hospital, Birmingham, as a "mentally defective" patient.

The Birmingham hospital authorities can do nothing. They dare not interfere because Ethel Bennett is a patient under the Board of Lunacy Control.

Consequently, special regulations were enforced which differentiated her from the ordinary patients.

Visitors are denied her because she is a Board of Control case. Without permission of the Board she cannot be moved. Without the sanction of the Board she cannot be released.

Her fate is still in the hands of the Board of Control, although she has been declared sane and normal.

It is unbelievable that such a thing can happen in England to-day.

Love letters

Meanwhile, Frederick Hall, arrested and tried because he loved a "mental deficient," is counting the days until he is free to marry Ethel Bennett. It will be a great moment for Hall when he first sees his baby son.

He must wait in banishment for at least three months, for when he was bound over at the Old Bailey the Recorder imposed the condition that Hall should not see the young woman for that period.

But he is allowed to write her as many love letters as he wishes.

Hall at present has been found work by the Salvation Army, and the report on him is that "he is doing splendidly." More permanent employment is being sought for him by Mr. George Neve, the Chief Probation Officer of the Central Criminal Court, so that at the end of the three months —if the Board of Control redeems its promise—the two may be in a position to become husband and wife.

With the marriage, the child will become legitimate under the present law of England. If this grievous case had occurred before the recent amendment in the marriage laws, the child would have always been branded with the stigma of illegitimacy.

The clemency of Sir Ernest Wild towards Hall, and his insistence on an independent medical examination for Ethel Bennett, has made possible this marriage between the former "mental deficient" and the man her good influence reformed.

The case of Ethel Bennett is just one more point in the grave indictment collected by JOHN BULL against the Board of Lunacy Control. If through this amazing case the overdue reform in the lunacy laws is brought nearer, Ethel Bennett will not have suffered in vain.

TWO INFAMOUS MISSIONARIES

IN various parts of Britain to-day some strange and dangerous men are engaged upon a crusade which the authorities should end.

Their mission is apparently nothing more than to create widespread religious strife of the bitterest kind by most reckless and dastardly methods.

Two of them are specially pernicious individuals.

There is one who calls himself the Rev. Arnold L. Topham, who passes as founder and president of something named the Christianity Reform Society.

Topham has no right whatever to use ecclesiastical rank. For years he conducted bogus charities for his own profit, and latterly he was one of a band of quack revivalists.

Now he has emerged as a free-lance critic of all religious denominations, and has been touring the country from Devon to Yorkshire prosecuting his extraordinary campaign.

His chief stock-in-trade is charging clergymen with dishonesty and immorality, but, before his false accusations become known to the parties concerned, he flits to another district.

Worse even than Topham, is Frank Edward Price, of Birkenhead. He has been very active lately in Liverpool, Cheshire and on Merseyside, trying to inflame passion in the most religiously divided communities in the country.

Price, who describes himself as a lecturer and revivalist, works under the banner of the National Protestant Defence League—which is merely himself, and the headquarters of which are his lodgings for the time being.

He concentrates upon selecting Church dignitaries for scurrilous abuse and foul and abominable slander.

One priest, the Very Rev. Canon Hayes, of St. Werburgh's, Chester, whom Price had freely and baselessly charged with conduct violating his vows, has been able to come to grips with this sinister fellow.

When Price was confronted and challenged, he agreed to sign and publish a full and abject apology and withdrawal.

As soon as he believed himself free from observation, Price began repeating his calumnies and practically declared that his signature to the apology was a forgery!

Canon Hayes took firmer action by issuing a writ in the High Court.

Price then proved himself to be not only a liar but an utter coward. He did not attempt to defend the action and he failed even to show himself when, the other day, the case was called in the Sheriff's Court at Chester for damages to be assessed against him.

Sincere militant Protestants, of course, repudiate Price and his methods.

Already he has succeeded in causing extreme unpleasantness among members of differest churches and denominations.

As he deliberately chooses for his vile propaganda districts where religious differences are already marked, Price has also been the cause of tense incidents in big industrial establishments. These arise when people of the Roman Catholic faith employed there are taunted by their fellow-workers with the statements made publicly by Price.

It is monstrous that a man of straw, as he is, should be allowed to continue unchecked in his trouble-making activities by maliciously blackening any Churchman who has served his faith without blame or censure and whose life has been spent in works of charity and goodness.

On a number of occasions lately there have been violent scenes at Price's meetings and strong bodies of police have had to be present at most of them.

It is almost incredible that public money should be spent in affording protection to a worthless and irresponsible scamp who incites by lies and slander.

In most of the areas where Topham and Price have been active, the police ban meetings and demonstrations of the unemployed.

It would be far better in the public interest if these men and others of their brand were frustrated in their evil schemes.

AT BOU
DBURY BROS LTD
ALISTS IN FOOD
S FOR 100 YEARS
1 LB. NET

A TRIUMPH FOR BOURN-VITA

Proved better for sleep and energy . . .

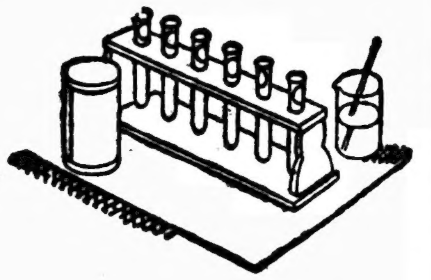
. . by impartial test

Those who are regular Bourn-vita users maintain that no proof is required of Bourn-vita's superiority as an aid to sleep—their own experience is proof enough. But *if* any further proof were needed, it is now provided by the results of impartial scientific analyses recently carried out in the laboratories of one of our Universities by a noted Professor of Bio-chemistry.

These show Bourn-vita to be much richer in " diastase "—a natural digestive which occurs in malt—than the other leading food-drinks on the market.

THIS IS SO IMPORTANT TO YOU . .

that we must explain that the value of a bedtime food-drink depends partly upon its "digestive power." And it is the amount of diastase in the beverage that decides this. When you drink a delicious cup of Bourn-vita its instantly soothing effect and the sound sleep which follows are largely the result of this diastase *relieving your digestive system of overwork*. Then the concentrated nourishment in Bourn-vita—the British malt, fresh milk, new-laid eggs and chocolate—gives your digestion *just* enough light work to keep it happy and comfortable during the night. And while you sleep, so soundly and peacefully, your system is able to absorb every atom of this wonderful energy-giving nourishment. *That's* why the good night's sleep is followed by a day chock-full of energy!



REMARKABLE RESULT OF A REMARKABLE TEST

The digestibility and "digestive power" of a food-drink determine, very largely, its ability to help you to sleep. And here are authoritative figures showing the "digestive power" of Bourn-vita as compared with that of the other leading food-drinks. These figures are provided by a famous Professor of Bio-chemistry who has conducted an independent research into this important subject in the bio-chemical laboratories of one of our largest Universities, submitting all the food-drinks in question to the standard "diastatic-value" test. "Diastase" is the scientific name given to the natural digestive which is found in malt.

— RESULT OF TEST —

Diastatic power of **BOURN-VITA** - - **49.8** (*Lintner value*)

Diastatic power of Next Highest **29.0** (*Lintner value*)

Diastatic power of the lowest 2.2: the average of the eight tested being 12.1.

Note the immense superiority of Bourn-vita!

Cadbury's

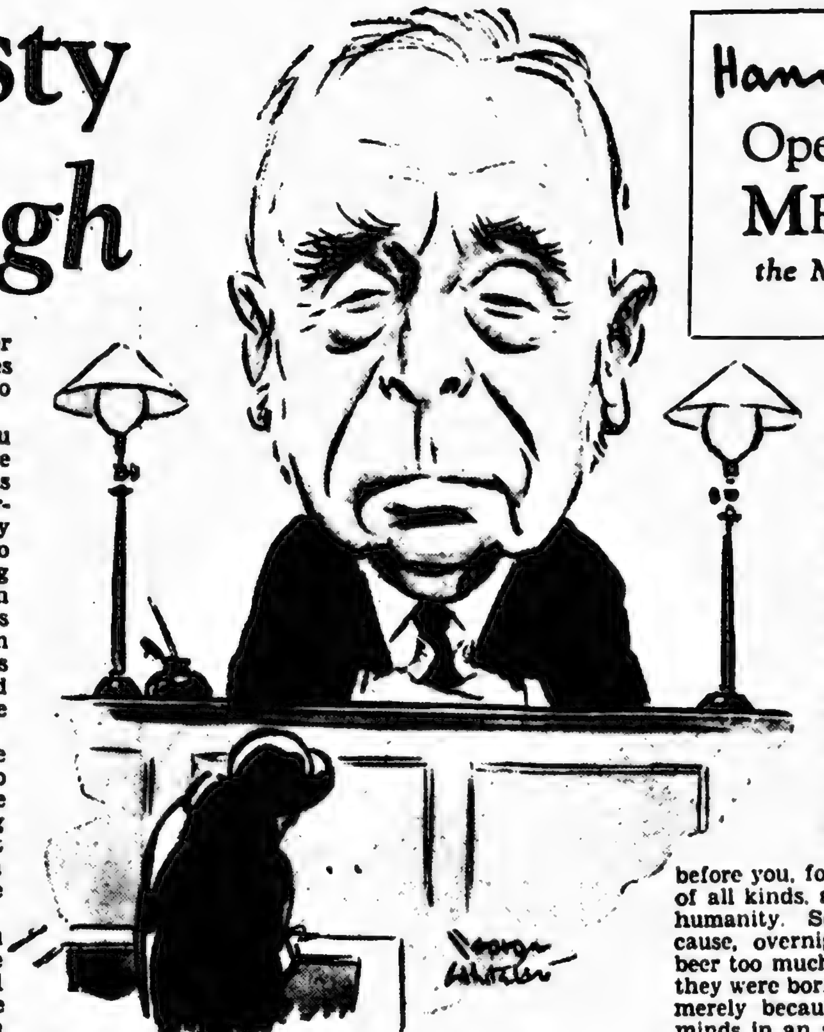
¼ lb. 9d. ½ lb. 1/5
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

BOURN-VITA

for sleep and energy

Your Honesty is Not Enough

Hannen Swaffer's
Open Letter to MR. MEAD,
the Marlborough Street Magistrate



YOUR WORSHIP,—People are always saying that you should retire. They have been saying it for years. But still you go on. "I am only eighty-six," you say. . . .

As long ago as five years, a London daily newspaper pointed out that you were eleven years beyond what had become the compulsory retiring age for Metropolitan magistrates. Well, now you are sixteen years past that age!

It was pointed out, in 1928, that the number of police appeals successfully taken against your judgments constituted something of a record. But still you went on. And still you go on. . . .

There have been for a dozen years many references to you in the newspapers.

You are one of those magistrates who, like the late Mr. Plowden, automatically attract the attention of reporters and sub-editors. I suppose your name is short, and it easily goes into a headline. Anyway, for various reasons, all of which I could not explain, your decisions are frequently the subject of comment.

* * *

For one thing, of course, your court deals with West End cases which, perhaps because we are all snobbish, we find more interesting than those in the East End, or in South West London. So whenever somebody has thought that two of your decisions were contradictions the very fact that "they were Mead's" has added to the publicity which they obtained.

My own experience in police courts is that the evidence that reaches the newspapers is only the briefest summary of what actually was heard in the court. That very often when a magistrate is criticised for being too lenient, or too harsh, there are extenuating circumstances. Sometimes, indeed, previous convictions are not mentioned by a newspaper.

Often the magistrate knows much more than the public ever hears, and he naturally uses his discretion in regard to such cases.

No one who knows you would ever suggest you are a harsh man. Nobody has anything against you personally. You are obviously intolerant of fools, but so are many of us, including myself. And you have been at times apt to suppress the bombastic manner in which some K.C., who has drawn a high fee, has tried to overwhelm or stampede you.

But unfortunately the public has got an idea into its head that you have been on the Bench so long that it is time you sought that retirement which your long public service has earned you.

I am certain that you have administered justice with the discretion and the wisdom that become your position on the Bench, but unfortunately justice should not only be just. As the highest judges in the land have said, there should not only be justice done, but there should be in the administration of the law an appearance of justice, or else public confidence is apt to become uneasy.

I am continually getting cuttings from all over the country pointing out apparent discrepancies in sentences passed upon offenders. There are, for instance, all those shoplifting cases which recently have become a veritable plague. Women of all classes see something in a shop on a counter. They are carried away with longing to possess something, whether they can afford to buy it or not. Rich women become thieves, and poor women become thieves.

And then magistrates like yourself have to decide the most difficult of all human problems—what to do with a person who is the victim of sudden temptation, which at the same time may never happen again.

Now all this would not matter but for the fact that you are eighty-six and, therefore, since people think the age of eighty-six is one at which a man should long since have retired, they are apt to fasten upon you blame which you do not deserve.

Really, your worship, even if you did not retire in 1928, when you were eighty-one, and when a daily paper called upon you to do so, once again we call on you to retire, now that you are eighty-six.

After all, you have been a Metropolitan magistrate for forty-four years. That is too long for anybody. Times change. Minds become broader. New generations grow up, with new ideas.

You belong to the past. Why, Queen Victoria had been on the throne only ten years when you were born. You were a schoolboy during the Crimea War. You had been called to the Bar before the German-Franco War broke out.

Other times, other manners.

No one doubts your honesty of purpose. Yours is a trying job. There pass before you, for hours each day, offenders of all kinds, a long dreary procession of humanity. Some are there merely because, overnight, they had a glass of beer too much. Some are there because they were born in a slum. Some of them merely because they have adventurous minds in an age when there is no room for adventure.

How many magistrates can see into their souls . . . understand the reasons?

Punishment never did any good, anyway. And it never will.

We have to understand the causes of crime. And then we have to remove the causes which we have discovered.

When servant girls were hanged, a century ago, for stealing, for the first time, a pair of stockings, theft was more common than it is to-day.

You can more easily argue that, the harder punishment was, the more crime there was, than you can say that Mercy resulted in a greater number of offences.

The world goes on. You, your worship, should go, merely as part of the process.

There must be lots of magistrates out of a job. Give one of the youngsters a chance!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir HILTON YOUNG,
Minister of Health

Dear Sir Hilton,—There is an unpleasant situation in the important London district of Hammersmith that deserves your attention.

With regard to the appointment of a borough official at a handsome salary, a prominent local man has made serious complaints of "jobbery" and injustice. An alderman who also holds a position of national importance agrees that the appointment was not a fair one.

I hope you will order a public enquiry into these allegations.

John Bull.

Capt. BOWER,
Dorset County Council

Gallant Sir,—"Are we going to be masters in our own house?" you demand angrily. And the answer is—No.

Medical journals refused your council's advertisements for medical officers because the salaries offered were below the recognised scale. But you were foolish to get angry, for the council has climbed down and is going to pay higher salaries to all its doctors.

Good for them—and bad for you.

John Bull.

The JUSTICES,
Nottingham

Your Worships,—Tramping home from a long and fruitless search for work, two hungry lads raided an orchard and stole some apples.

Very wrong of them, of course, but you mercifully bound them over and ordered them to pay costs. Yet I can't help wishing you had excused those costs.

For the father of one of them gets only nine shillings a week to keep a family of five, and if he pays the required 8s. 6d. the other children must go short. I hate to see the sin of a child being visited on his brothers and sisters.

John Bull.

LORD HILLINGDON,
Potterspury, Northants

My Lord,—Humbler motorists than you have failed to notice a policeman's extended arm. But fancy the fellow having the audacity to say that you saw his signal and would be reported for ignoring it and cutting across the traffic!

No wonder you exclaimed, "You fellows take too much upon yourselves. It is ridiculous!"

And then the magistrate added injury to insult by fining you. Isn't life dreadful nowadays?

John Bull.

ALFRED JAMES WOOD,
Southend

Cheat,—You are a parent of whom your children should be heartily ashamed.

When you were charged with theft, fraud, and falsification of accounts—involving a total of £550—you tried to put the blame on to your eldest son.

If only for this abominable cowardice, you deserve more than twelve months in the second division.

John Bull.

HARRY GLASBURG,
South Shields

Harry,—Self-help as the way to success is still good advice to young men, but you seem to have mistaken its meaning.

Though only twenty, you are so ambitious that you ran away from home and bought a half-share in a London fruiterer's business. You had found the capital by stealing dresses worth £87 from your father's shop and £25 from somewhere else.

Now you have two months in prison to meditate further schemes for self-help. Let them be honest ones.

John Bull.

The TOWN COUNCILLORS,
Alnwick, Northumberland

Kind Sirs,—Everyone wants to see an end of the slums, but not by such methods as yours.

You have evicted four families, seventeen persons in all, from condemned property. They have tried in vain to secure other accommodation; their belongings have been pitched into the street, and they are now homeless. And one of the children is a cripple lately discharged from a sanatorium!

I consider such hardship as evil as any slum.

John Bull.

Mrs. STANLEY BALDWIN,
11, Downing Street, London

Dear Mrs. Baldwin,—I am glad you are still continuing your campaign to secure painless childbirth for working-class mothers.

As you say, it is iniquitous and unfair that the woman who could afford to pay for an anæsthetic should have the opportunity of having it while the woman of slender means is debarred.

In easing the pangs of motherhood there should at least be equality of treatment between rich and poor.

John Bull.

Dr. JAMES TATE,
Chiswick, London, W.

Dear Doctor,—You have every right to be angry with what happened at your house while you were away.

Workmen found a deedbox under the flooring, and someone had the infernal cheek to open it and proclaim to the world that it contained £1,600.

An Englishman's home can also be his bank if he chooses. But—and it's a big but—the really wise Englishman entrusts his money to the care of a much stronger bank.

John Bull.

Councillor RICHARDSON,
Hull

Dear Councillor,—Despite your protest, the paupers' motor-hearse is still to be used for taking mental patients on "joy-rides."

I told recently how you had found the hearse filled with nine patients, who were "packed like herring in a box."

Your chairman sneered at "a lot of sickly sentiment." Better be sentimental than have little regard for other people's feelings!

John Bull.

The CHIEF CONSTABLE,
St. Helens, Lancashire

Dear Chief,—When a constable was asked in court if it was not the duty of the police to prevent crime, he answered: "Not in the light of our instructions."

There seems to be need for fresh instructions.

John Bull.

Aren't you proud of them?

How do you keep them so dazzling?

A. It's quite easy. I put them all on to boil with Persil.

Q. Just Persil alone? But is simply boiling enough?

A. Yes, quite enough if you use Persil. Persil is good soap and oxygen, and you know how cleansing oxygen is. It makes the suds *active*. You don't have to add anything to Persil. These things have never lost their first whiteness, because I've always boiled them with Persil every time they needed washing. But if your things are off colour Persil will make them white again; you try it.

Are you using the Free Persil Service? The Persil Washing Service offers complete washing advice free. Call at your local Persil Institute, or cut out this paragraph and send it with your name and address to Dept. E 3, Crosfields', Warrington, for the free Persil Washing Handbook.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

Persil

PER 436-66

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

ANNOUNCEMENT

BY THE

TOBACCO TRADE ASSOCIATION

(comprising among others the Council of Tobacco Manufacturers, the Imperial Tobacco Company, the Wholesale Tobacco Trade Association, the National Union of Retail Tobacconists and affiliated bodies in Great Britain and Northern Ireland).

THE Tobacco Trade Association, which is a body representing the Manufacturers and the Distributive organisations in the Tobacco Trade in the United Kingdom, announces that, as a result of prolonged discussion on the question of Coupon trading, it has now been decided by all sections of the Association that coupons, certificates, vouchers, miniature cards, packets or similar things, which have an exchangeable value will only continue to be issued by Manufacturers up to 31st December, 1933. During November and December, Coupons etc., will be included as hitherto, but after the New Year these will be generally obtainable only until tobacconists' stocks become exhausted. All the existing brands of Cigarettes and Tobaccos will continue to be supplied to the Retailers after the 31st December, 1933, but will not then be accompanied by anything of an exchangeable value.

This announcement is made in order to give those members of the public who are collecting as long notice as possible, and they are requested to send to the respective Manufacturers, not later than the 28th February, 1934, any coupons, certificates, vouchers, miniature cards, packets, etc., which they wish to exchange.

Although the Tobacco Trade in the United Kingdom has decided to discontinue this form of Advertising as from the 1st January, 1934, in other respects freedom of competition between Manufacturers will remain.

The following is a list of some of the more important brands from which the coupons, certificates, miniature cards, or packets with an exchangeable value will be omitted in the New Year:—

CIGARETTES
Anstie's Gold Flake
Ardath Cork Tipped
Bandmaster
Bar One
B.D.V.
B.D.V. Sports
Black Cat
Capstan
Chairman Junior
Churchman No. 1
Clubs
De Luxe (Gallaher)
De Reszke
Four Aces
Gold Flake (Wills)
Illingworths Virginia No. 10
Kensitas

CIGARETTES
King Lud
Laurel
Middy
Navy Club
Navy Cut Mild (Rothmans)
Nelson
Park Drive
Paymaster
Private Seal
Prize Crop
Speedboat
Star
Summit
Sunripe
Tatler
Turf
Waverley

TOBACCOS
B.D.V.
Classic Curly Cut
Hill's Best and Medium Packet Shags
King Lud
Middy Tobaccos
Speedboat

*

CIGARS
Handicap
Manikin

*

WHIFFS
Durbar

NOTICE TO WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TOBACCONISTS.

Full details of the new arrangements have been posted by the Tobacco Trade Association to all direct customers of its Manufacturer Members. Other Tobacco Traders will be able to obtain information from wholesalers with whom they deal.

THIS NOTICE APPLIES ONLY TO GREAT BRITAIN AND NORTHERN IRELAND.

They've been WARNED!

The victory of Fulham's J. C. Wilmot constitutes a grave warning to Parliament

by A. G. GARDINER

WHEN Mr. MacDonald, as the head of the Government, meets Parliament next Tuesday after its three months' recess, he will do well to bear in mind the message which Fulham has sent him. I take that message to have a very specific meaning.

In certain respects it will not be denied, even by the opponents of the Government, that it has considerable credit to its account. The trade of the country is quite manifestly on the upgrade. Cotton and shipping are still in the doldrums, but in most other directions there is a marked all-round improvement.

The decline in the unemployment figures is substantial and continuous. The revenue returns for the first half of the financial year have exceeded all expectations, and the outlook for the next Budget is more cheerful than has been the case for a long time past. Compared with any country on the globe, our position is eminently favourable.

Something to digest

That is all to the good, and whatever our disagreements with the policy of the Government may be, we cannot deny its title to a share of the credit.

What, then, is the meaning of the slap in the face administered to it at Fulham? It is the experience of all Governments to lose by-elections, and in this respect the present Government, which has in all lost five seats in two years, has not been exceptionally hard hit. But the magnitude of the turnover at Fulham is exceptional. I think it is exceptional for a definite reason which the Government will do well to digest.

There are, I take it, three problems of capital importance that immediately face the Government. In regard to one of these, that of India, I do not think there is any reasonable ground of disaster for it with its policy. It has declared for a large and liberal measure of self-government for India, and it has given every assurance of its determination to carry that measure through.

It is not an easy task, for in this matter it is clear that the Government is running counter to a powerful current of Conservative opinion. Mr. Churchill knows this, and he is exploiting the fact to destroy a Government which has had the insolence to leave him on the back benches of the House. The campaign which he, Lord Lloyd and Sir H. Page Croft are carrying on in the country has revealed the strength of the antagonism within the Conservative Party to the White Paper scheme of centralised self-government for India.

But Mr. Baldwin has nailed his colours to the mast, and he has carried with him in this great matter all the most able of his Conservative colleagues, men like Lord Hailsham, Sir Samuel Hoare, and Mr. Chamberlain.

The prospects of the scheme going through have, I think, been substantially increased by Mr. Churchill himself. He was invited to join the Select Committee which is sitting to make the draft of the new Indian constitution; but he thought he could do more mischief to the scheme off the Committee than on. He refused. That was his first mistake.

Now he has made another and a worse "bloomer." Having declined to be a member of a Committee, he has volunteered to give evidence before it, and a worse advocate of a bad cause never appeared in a witness-box. Out of his widespread ignorance of the whole Indian question, he put forward an alternative scheme the mere threat of which would set India in a blaze and revive all the rebel movements which the statesmanlike policy of the Government has put into cold storage. He was riddled fore and aft by both the British and the Indian members of the Committee, and the Aga Khan dismissed his foolishness in terms as caustic as they were polite.

Crowning scandal

It was the best day's work that has been done by the Select Committee, and in exposing the folly of the Churchill policy cannot fail to strengthen the hand of Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare. The Indian question is, of course, not yet out of the danger zone, but I believe Mr. Churchill has unwittingly given it the best fillip it has had, and that the White Paper policy will be law before another year is over.

In any case, there is no room for dissatisfaction with the Government on this account. Its good faith in this matter cannot be doubted, and if it can solve the greatest problem of government that this or any other country has ever been faced with, it will deserve to be forgiven for all its misdemeanours. It is not on this question, therefore, that Fulham hurled its thunderbolt at Mr. MacDonald's Government.

There is much more ground for resentment on the second of the capital questions with which the Government must deal. That is the question of housing.

The investigation undertaken by the *Architects' Journal* into the slums of London and fourteen other cities reveals the fact that Britain needs 1,400,000 houses merely to abate overcrowding to the rate of 1¼ person per room. In these cities over half a million are living *three in a room*. Nearly three millions are living at over one and a half in a room.

This is the crowning scandal of our civilisation, and I fear that Sir Hilton Young's policy is only a tinkering with the scandal. I have been reading Sir E. D. Simon's book, "The Anti-Slum Campaign," and I am driven by the weight of his argument to the conclusion that Sir Hilton's policy, instead of alleviating, will intensify the evil.

But vital though this matter is, there is a still vaster and more immediate question before the Government, and it is this that is at the root of that sensational turn-over at Fulham. It is, above everything else, a challenge to the Government on the subject that overshadows civilisation to-day.

Europe is visibly plunging to another Armageddon. The Disarmament Conference, if not dead, is in a state bordering on death. The League of Nations has in the course of a year suffered two shattering blows that has robbed it of its prestige and authority. Instead of disarmament, the world seems on the brink of another appalling race in competitive armaments which will inevitably precipitate another war.

It is unjust to charge the Government of this country with the responsibility for this desperate plight of the world. The militaristic policy of Japan is one of the chief causes. The revival of Prussian militarism under Hitler is the other. It is significant that each of these Powers has struck a deadly blow both at the League of Nations and at the Disarmament Conference.

The message

But we, too, have had our share in allowing this perilous situation to develop. In the greatest crisis in world history, we have had a craven fear of being great. We have failed to give that lead to Europe which we alone were in a position to give. We have followed weakly where we should have led boldly. We played the lackey to France when she was wrong. We were silent when Japan launched that terrific adventure in the Far East, which is still only at its beginning.

We allowed the disarmament question to drift from year to year until it became a thing of derision.

If I understand that message from Fulham aright, it is that this country will never go to the shambles again, and will destroy any Goverrment that fails in its first duty of leading Europe and the world into the path of peace, disarmament and reconciliation.

Not from the B.B.C.—M. *Armand Givelet, the French Scientist, reveals*—

THE SECRET of "IT"

IF you cherish a desire
Manly hearts to set afire
(And annoy your female friends)
By contriving to reveal
All the lure of sex appeal,
I can help you gain your ends.

Although Nature may perhaps
Have been guilty of a lapse
In the shaping of your lips,
And your eyes are not the kind
That make men with passion blind,
You can prosper from my tips.

Let any Jill who lacks
A following of Jacks
Drink tea with every meal;
Indigestion may perchance
Overtake her, but Romance
Will be hers—and sex appeal!

Ze books you use in your English schools for teaching ze French are très insensé, or, as you say in English, damp silly.

"Avez-vous le crayon de votre frère? Non, j'ai la plume de ma sœur." Who cares if a demoiselle 'ave ze pen of her sister? It is more important to know if she 'ave ze sex appeal of her aunt.

Perhaps it never occur to an English miss to associate ze sex appeal with her maiden aunt, who spends most of her life drinking ze cups of tea; but a jeune fille educated in ze science would know that ze two things are inseparable.

As I tell my confrères when I lecture in Paris, persons with alcoholic tendencies 'ave practically no sex appeal, while tea drinkers possess large quantities.

Some of my countrymen, I know, will be angry with me for letting ze cat's whiskers out of ze bag, for they 'ave grown beaucoup rich by selling ze champagne. But I must to tell ze truth, for I am a scientist first and a patriot next time.

The idea that wine aids ze sex appeal is all wrong, for ze sex appeal does not consist of ze flush on ze cheek and ze sparkle in ze eye. It is, as I say in my lecture, "a biological radiation."

Beauty is only as much deep as ze skin; biological radiations go deeper and reach further. Anyone who 'ave them in big quantities, even though her face is her misfortune, can set up in ze vamping beezness in competition with la belle Dietrich.

In proof of what I say, at my next lecture I go to read this letter which I am received of an English demoiselle:

Monsieur, we implore your help!
When our darling Auntie Mabel
Read your speech she gave a yelp,
Sitting at the breakfast table;
"Tea!" she shouted. "Tea! More tea!"
And we poured it, little guessing
That the outcome was to be
So exceedingly distressing!

Now our aunt no longer knits
Tasteful scarves and woolly jumpers,
But before the mirror sits,
Swallowing down tea in bumpers.
Sometimes we begin to fear
That she is the worse for liquor
When she calls the gas-man "dear"
And starts ogling the vicar!

Morning, evening, afternoon,
She is quaffing strong potations,
Hopeful of emitting soon
Sex-appealing radiations.
Daily she grows worse, I fear;
It is really quite appalling!
I don't wonder that the dear
Vicar now refrains from calling!

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Captain T. E. Sotheron-Estcourt is Pontefract's M.P. We appeal to him to do his utmost to secure Ina Draper's release

The manner in which this child has been sent into captivity surpasses in injustice and cruelty any of the many cases of the kind known to us.

Ina Draper is eleven years old When about four she was frolicking with her sister one night in their bath when she slipped and lay for some moments partly stunned in the water.

Since then the girl has been slightly deaf. The disability is only apparent in discerning distant sounds. In hearing ordinary conversation she is practically normal.

Ina grew up to be a handsome, healthy child. She excelled in games and her intelligence and ability to learn have never been in question. Splendid testimony has, indeed, been freely paid to her talents.

She was, of course, handicapped in the class-room in some measure by her hearing defect, particularly when the lessons were oral without text-books or blackboard illustrations. What she did hear, however, was fully assimilated, and the slight omissions were made good by intensive reading and home study.

Dread order

If slowly, the girl, aided by natural cleverness, kept pace steadily with educational requirements. So well, in fact, that she was able to instruct the younger members of her family.

It was once the pride of the teaching profession that its members counted success not by the number of brilliant scholars they produced, but by the number of slow or backward children they could bring on by patient coaching.

All that is changed now. So severely are teachers taxed by visiting inspectors of the Board of Education, and so large still are the classes entrusted to them, that, to hold their posts and win promotion, they cannot give selective or individual tuition to children who lag.

Weed out these children, say the authorities nowadays, and pass them into institutions far away from their homes.

This order was given in the case of Ina Draper.

One day, while her father was at work, an official called at the girl's home and demanded that her mother should sign a form consenting to Ina being voluntarily handed over for detention. Mrs. Draper refused to sign.

Her husband later returned the document blank, with a protest against the attempt to obtain his wife's signature in his absence.

Threatened

Officialdom became indignant at being thwarted. Mr. Draper was told to attend at the offices of the West Riding Education Authority in Wakefield, and there he was warned that if his daughter was not surrendered, "we will make life very hard for you and your wife."

The father replied that he had four grim years of war service, during which he had been maimed, and he would willingly serve as many years in penal servitude rather than give up his child for captivity on the ridiculous pretext that she was slightly deaf.

Authority began at once to give effect to its threat to make life hard for him.

A compulsory order was made for Ina to be taken from her comfortable home and sent to an institution at Doncaster for five years.

Mr. Draper ignored it.

Police court summonses were poured in upon him. Eleven in all were issued, one every other week.

And most of them were served upon the father by policemen in uniform at his place of work.

Father's plea

Fine after fine was imposed in fast succession, but Mr. Draper would not give way.

In an effort to stem this persecution, he sought legal help. Curiously, when this was done the last summons was withdrawn by the authorities, who had found that the institution in Doncaster was already packed full with children and that there was no room for Ina.

It was not long, however, before there was a renewal of the rain of summonses. By hook or by crook, the official kidnappers were determined to get possession of the girl, and they announced that they had been able to have a place reserved for her in another institution—this time at Leeds.

Before the magistrates, Mr. Draper pleaded and argued for mercy upon him and his child.

Evidence given by the teaching staff of the school admitted that Ina was bright and highly intelligent and that she was always given the best needlework to do

That her deafness was negligible was also proved by the admission of an official enquiry officer, who said that on a number of occasions he had come up behind her when she was with other children and had found her chatting ordinarily with them.

Lured from the classroom and spirited away to captivity—little Ina Draper

All that could be said against her was that the educational machine was being retarded because the present school system does not allow special consideration being given to a child with any kind of handicap.

The decoy

The magistrates were powerless. The order had been made, and they could only enforce it by again convicting the father and ordering him to deliver up his daughter.

Mr. Draper still held out.

The other day he was at work when a policeman called upon him and advised him to go home at once.

Mystified, he did so, and found his wife in a state of collapse. Before she fainted again, she was just able to tell him that she had received a message that Ina had been taken from her school by force, and was now on her way as a prisoner to an institution at Leeds

Soon the whole story of the extraordinary event was revealed.

The little girl, with a kiss to her mother, had gone off as usual that morning to the local school.

She was sent out of the class-room and, apparently so that her suspicions would not be aroused, her special chum was told to accompany her.

Outside, three officials—two men and a woman—were waiting. They seized Ina and, *with an escort of policemen in uniform*, took her into the roadway and put her into a motor-car.

Five years . . .

Her girl-chum was placed in the car beside her, and in this manner the child was driven off to five years' captivity. She was not allowed to say farewell to her parents or even to her sisters in the school.

The father found her at Leeds locked up with a company of blind, dumb, or otherwise afflicted children.

Later in the day the motor-car returned to Ferrybridge with Ina's friend, who had been used as a decoy.

Mrs. Draper is to-day heartbroken and stricken. Mr. Draper speaks about the affair in broken sentences with tears flowing upon his cheeks.

Their other children cry day and night for the sister who has been so ruthlessly wrenched from them because she was slightly deaf.

Every parent in the land will be appalled that this kind of thing is possible.

£1 1s. HOME DOCTOR—SENSATIONAL SUCCESS

So tremendous is the demand for the wonderful guinea Home Doctor which JOHN BULL last week offered *free* to every reader that JOHN BULL, despite the very big publishing arrangements made, is unable this week to give further Reservation Forms for this invaluable work.

If you and your friend have not already accepted this Gift Offer, you still have time, of course, provided you fill in the forms in last week's JOHN BULL—*now*—and post them at once. Remember, no application can be accepted for this latest and greatest Medical Reference Work after Thursday, November 9.

Whether you are young or old, married or single, you should take full advantage of this opportunity—your only opportunity—while it remains open. Use those reservation forms now!

FOR SALE—
Rubbish!

AN enterprising individual named B. Collis, of 32a, Dames Road, E.7, is offering a booklet containing "Selected Opportunities" for earnest people who desire to improve their condition.

This, he advertises, contains vital wealth-producing information, tips, plans and trade secrets for making hard cash.

His "Lasseur Coupon Bureau Plan" he considers can be operated with success and at a profit in any town or city with a population of from two thousand to two million people.

* * *

All that it is necessary to do, apparently, is to step around to the nearest grocer, and induce him to participate in a scheme in which theatre tickets are offered in exchange for coupons presented with goods sold.

The booklet does not explain why any trader should enter into such an arrangement with a perfect stranger, just starting in business!

Another suggestion made is one calculated to appeal to persons interested in raising money for the Church. B. Collis would have them electrotype a picture of the local rector or of the church on the corner of envelopes and offer them for sale at a shilling a dozen.

* * *

Among other "bright" ideas advocated is the marketing of the greatest antidote for drunkenness ever known!

All this rubbishy information is offered for two shillings, which, clients are told, is half the cost at which the booklet was published.

Apparently Mr. Collis finds it more profitable to peddle his "secrets" in this way instead of acting upon them himself.

NEW LIFE FOR HAIR

"Dead" Hair Roots Rare. They Simply Become Too Weak to Grow New Hair THROUGH Hard or Scurfy Scalp.

"Had Big Bald Patch"
See Story Sent with Package.

"I WAS ALMOST BALD."

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It regrows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling scurf and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp and restoring its healthful circulation, reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

See What Kotalko Will Do.

Almost at once you will feel new life and hair-growth-activity in your scalp. Surprisingly quickly you will see new hair growing through the scalp. Simply carry on with Kotalko (True Hair-Grower) and Kotalko Scalp Soap as directed. Any thin or bald places will soon be re-covered with new and vigorously healthy hair rich in its natural colouring. After the hair has grown an inch or more in length try to pull out one of the new hairs slowly. You will not be able to do this. The hair will be too strongly rooted to break or pull away from its hair-follicle. See, too, how luxuriantly thick and rich in colouring it will be. There's no falling, brushing, combing or pulling out of such vigorously strong and healthy new hair.

SEE DELIGHTED USERS' OWN PHOTOS AND EXPERIENCES that will be sent with your Trial Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Scalp Soap. These will show you that you need not lose your hair or look prematurely aged through baldness. And you can obtain your future supplies from the chemist or direct.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

SEND THIS COUPON
(OR COPY IT)
To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, PERCY ST. (53. E), LONDON, W.1.

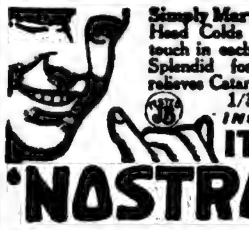
Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME ....

ADDRESS...

....

HEAD COLD INSTANT RELIEF



Simply Marvellous! Nostroline relieves Head Colds at once. Just a soothing touch in each nostril. Safe and certain. Splendid for children. Clears head, relieves Catarrh, Head Noises, Deafness. 1/3 all Chemists.

INSIST ON THE NAME
IT MUST BE 'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.42, Clifton, Bristol

The Flower of England's Film Beauty praises

the ALLUHR 'POWDRON' POWDER SPRAY

Miss Wendy Barrie writes:—"Every girl who wants to put her best face forward should use the 'Powdron' Powder Spray. It is so practical, so neat—in fact, what every woman wants. Used with Alluhr Powder it is perfection."

Miss Diana Napier says:—"With the 'Powdron' Powder Spray it is so much easier to apply the powder—and how much better is the result. When used with Alluhr Powder on Alluhr Vanishing Cream it is a revelation of increased loveliness.

"Every girl should use them all."

Diana Napier

Miss Binnie Barnes writes:—"When you buy a 'Powdron' you buy more than just a lovely 'gadget' for the handbag. You also buy convenience—and you buy the greater loveliness that comes from a perfectly powdered face—especially when you also use Alluhr Powder and Vanishing Cream."

Miss Joan Gardner writes:—"The Alluhr 'Powdron' is so unquestionably an advance on the old way of dabbing in the box that I wonder how we ever did without it.

"Alluhr Cream, too, is undoubtedly a great asset to every girl who uses it."

Joan Gardner

Miss Merle Oberon is enthusiastic:—"Hurrah for the 'Powdron' Powder Spray. No more worrying about patchy powdering—no more leaky boxes to mess up the handbag. The 'Powdron' together with silky 'Alluhr' Powder and Vanishing Cream is a boon to us all."

Five of the most talented and charming of young British actresses, all under contract to London Film Productions, Ltd., have been given the opportunity to star in Douglas Fairbanks' great new masterpiece, "Exit Don Juan"—and each of them is an enthusiastic admirer of the Alluhr "Powdron Powder Spray." Beneath their portraits you can read what each one of these beautiful film stars says about this new and practical addition to the Beauty Outfit.

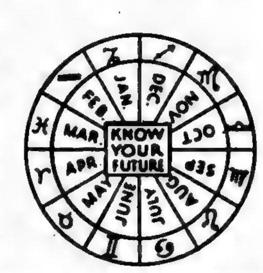
Thousands of Smart Women everywhere acclaim the Powdron Powder Spray

Not only stars of stage and screen, but attractive women everywhere are delighted with this novel and beautiful accessory. It has created a sensation wherever women meet. Just think of it! The Alluhr Powdron sprays, perfectly evenly, just sufficient powder on your puff to ensure that there are no thick blotchy patches of powder in one place and bare patches elsewhere. The Alluhr Powdron cannot upset or leak, and prevents waste. Moreover, it is so compact that it can be carried in the daintiest evening handbag.

YOUR HOROSCOPE FREE

Now for a happy surprise! Purchasers of the enchanting Alluhr Powdron Casket may obtain

A FULL READING OF THEIR LIVES AS TOLD BY THE STARS!



Prepared by an astrologer of world-wide fame, who has made a life-long study of this occult art, each reading may be relied upon as accurate and founded on scientific astral principles.

Will you be lucky in love—successful in business? What dangers crossing your path should you avoid? What golden opportunities should you grasp? What is your lucky period—what are your lucky numbers? . . . All these things will be an open book if you accept our bewitching offer!

To obtain a true horoscope of your life, send your name (stating Mrs., Miss or Mr.) and your age and date of birth, together with the "direction slip" which you will find enclosed in the Powdron Casket. Post them to the address below.

If you have already purchased a "Powdron" buy a 6d. Alluhr Complexion Powder and a 6d. Alluhr Vanishing Cream and forward coupon from each (Two coupons in all).

Alluhr Beauty Products are obtainable everywhere, including BOOTS and Taylors, and are sold under a strict money-back guarantee. Alternatively send P.O. for 2/11 for Powdron Casket, or 1/- for Powder and Cream to the address below, together with the required particulars and you will receive by return, together with your order, your 1,000-word Horoscope, FREE.

You must have this Practical and Beautiful Make-up Aid

For a short period only, you can obtain your Alluhr Powdron Spray by means of a special

THREE-IN-ONE INTRODUCTORY OFFER

which will bring before your notice some of the other Alluhr Preparations which these beautiful stars admire so much. During this limited period, every purchaser of a Powdron Powder Spray will receive, absolutely FREE, a 6d. box of Alluhr Complexion Powder and a 6d. tube of Alluhr Vanishing Cream, in an attractive Gift Casket.

THE POWDRON POWDER SPRAY, in a choice from six delightful colours, evenly sprays just the exact amount of powder on the puff.

ALLUHR COMPLEXION POWDER Gives just the right velvety bloom to the complexion. The finest of powder blended with infinite skill. All shades.

ALLUHR VANISHING CREAM. Soothing, velvet smooth, an ideal powder base.

ALLUHR POWDER AND CREAM SOLD SEPARATELY AT 6d. EACH. On sale at BOOTS, Timothy White's, Taylor's Departmental Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers.

If, when writing, you will give us the name and address of any dealer from whom you were unable to obtain Alluhr Products, we will send you four gift coupons value 1/- FREE

VALUE 3/11 YOURS FOR 2/11

THE ALLUHR "POWDRON" POWDER SPRAY

ALLUHR BEAUTY PRODUCTS, LTD. (Dept. P16), 1, HARDWICK STREET, LONDON, E.C.1.

FATHER'S PIPE or MOTHER'S FLOWERS?

When Father finds his pipe is getting "a bit strong"—when Mother sees that the flowers in the dining room "are beginning to droop"—when Mary burns her hand on the stove—when John suspects he's got a cold coming on—they all ask the same question.

"Where's the Milton?"

It really is rather extraordinary, when you come to think of it, that one simple bottle of colourless liquid should mean so much in a house. And yet when you read the book which is packed with every Milton bottle—and find that Milton has over a hundred and fifty different uses—and when you know that in none of those uses does Milton *ever* fail—it doesn't seem so extraordinary after all.

What *is* extraordinary is this—that there should still be (i.e. there is!) a household in the land which is not a *Milton* household. One well-known doctor has even said that there will come a day when Milton will be "laid on" in every house just like the hot and cold water. How much easier and healthier life will become!

In the meantime—until that day arrives—the rule in most families is to keep one bottle of Milton in the bathroom and one in the kitchen. The rule in most *wise* families is not only always to have a bottle handy, but to keep on trying the astonishing number of different uses—prove each one of them. It's fascinating! Then, when any one of 150 emergencies arises—you know! You are prepared.

For all its usefulness—Milton costs only sixpence.

DON'T START THE WINTER WITH A COUGH OR COLD.

Many people do not realise what risks they run when they start the winter with a cough or cold. These coughs and colds that are treated so carelessly often turn into cases of influenza and pneumonia, thus causing a serious illness that sometimes has fatal results. Do not take needless chances, but attack the cough or cold at once with this simple prescription that can easily be prepared at home, is pleasant to take, and will give quick and lasting results, and is much better than anything you could buy already prepared.

From your chemist secure 1 oz. of Parmint (double strength). Take this home and add to it ½-pint of hot water and 4 oz. of soft sugar. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day. It tastes pleasant, stimulates the appetite, and has a slight tonic effect—all excellent features in the treatment of coughs and colds. Every person suffering from a cough or cold should take this prescription. There is nothing better.

THE CONQUEST OF PAIN by GREEN WOOL!

Don't suffer the agonies of bodily pain—whatever the reason, nor resort to harmful drugs which sap your vitality and lower your powers of resistance.

Secure **immediate relief** by applying the new Wincapcine brand Medicated Wool. Wincapcine generates a gentle heat, causing the skin pores to open, and thus permitting the healing medicaments contained in Wincapcine (recently discovered by Medical Science) to reach right down to the roots of the pain. Hence the instant relief from suffering and the elimination of the **cause** of the pain. It is made in England of fine, soft green wool, and is specially quilted. You can cut it to suit your convenience. It is neat, light and comfortable and cannot be detected under the lightest clothing. With Wincapcine there is no risk of chills. It is specifically designed to permit you to "thin" it gradually.

Every packet contains full directions for use and a FREE bottle of special damping fluid to bring out quickly Wincapcine's remarkable healing properties. **Instant relief** is afforded in cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Bronchitis, Sciatica, Neuritis, and all similar forms of physical suffering.

Obtainable at 1/3 per packet from every Boots' branch and all chemists. In case of difficulty write to Bond Products, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.1.), 7, Field End Parade, Eastcote, Middlesex.

Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS denounces—

A QUEER ABODE of HEALTH

MORE and more outrageous become the ways and wiles of some advertising "healing specialists," who peddle cures of ailments through the post.

One of the most urgent of social reforms in this country at the present time is restriction by legislation of these malady merchants. There is, I regret, no Act of Parliament that can curb them; no process by which they can be restrained by the organised medical profession.

Publicity is the only means by which their doubtful cures—foisted on the public at extravagant fees—can be checked.

It is in the public interest that some of these advertising medical practitioners should be shown up in their true colours.

This "cure by post" traffic is a carefully organised business.

One business of this character to which I would now direct attention is called the Natural Health Institute, of Charminster Avenue, Bournemouth.

Among the pines

Advertisements concerning the Natural Health Institute have recently appeared in newspapers throughout the length and breadth of England and Scotland. The whole country is the "field" from which patients are garnered.

Asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, deafness and head noises are the distressing afflictions for which the institute will positively promise a cure.

A great deal of use is made, in the literature sent to prospective clients, of Bournemouth as the home of the "cure." A picture representing pine-woods and the sun setting behind hills forms the institute letter heading.

There is a colour-printed leaflet—entitled "A Peep into the Natural Health Institute, the Home of the Bournemouth Cure"—which depicts a stately house, with pine-wood surrounding; a laboratory, with more pine-woods outside the windows; a panelled waiting-room filled with patients; and a benevolent-looking, white-haired man in his consulting room, giving advice to a sufferer.

"You can have the same opportunity by post" is the message of the leaflet. "You can have the same personal advice, without obligation or expense, without journeying to Bournemouth. Each treatment is specially dispensed from special prescriptions to suit the individual case."

This leaflet and the letter heading provide a complete misrepresentation of the Natural Health Institute. Until recently the institute was situated in rooms at a small house in Withermoor Road, in a working-class district of Bournemouth, far removed from the pine-woods and the sea.

Lately, however, owing to the success of its advertising and the resultant business, it has been transferred to a larger house in Charminster Avenue. But there is nothing at all about this second headquarters like the pictures on the leaflet.

The consultant at the institute is a man by the name of Bertram Baker, He signs the letters to patients, and offers to heal by post. The principal behind the whole affair is Lawrence Dennison.

Money-snatching

Dennison is such a notorious quack that, quite naturally, he does not strive to appear prominently in connection with the Natural Health Institute.

His record is a most unfortunate one, for wherever he has set up in practice complaints concerning his money-snatching methods and his alleged cures have accumulated.

In the past he has appeared in London, Bristol, Gloucester, Leicester, Kettering and Peterborough—to mention only a few centres of his activities. He has been at times the "Aural Research Laboratories" and the "Tower Bridge Laboratories," as well as the "Natural Health Institute."

Recently the letters sent by this institute bear the name of A. Lewis as proprietor, and Lawrence Dennison is described in some pretentious literature as honorary consultant.

Testimonials from sufferers, who declare they have benefited from the treatment, are freely used as ground-bait by Dennison and his nominee, Baker, in their endeavours to catch other fee-paying patients.

Some of the advertised testimonials appear to be curious when examined. For example, there is one expert testimonial giver who in February of this year was writing at great length to Bertram Baker at Bournemouth, stating that he had cured her of head-noises and chronic catarrh, and a month later was sending another letter to Dennison—then practising in the West of England, under the style of the Dennison Clinic—stating that *he* was responsible for curing her of the same complaints.

There is another similar coincidence in testimonials. In November, a man declared to be an ex-soldier was writing to Dennison thanking *him* for a cure, and in February Bertram Baker was circulating another letter from the same man, stating that his cure was due to the Natural Health Institute.

There is a note of unconscious humour, too, in one of the institute's recent advertisements, which says: "No case is hopeless until submitted to Mr. Bertram Baker."

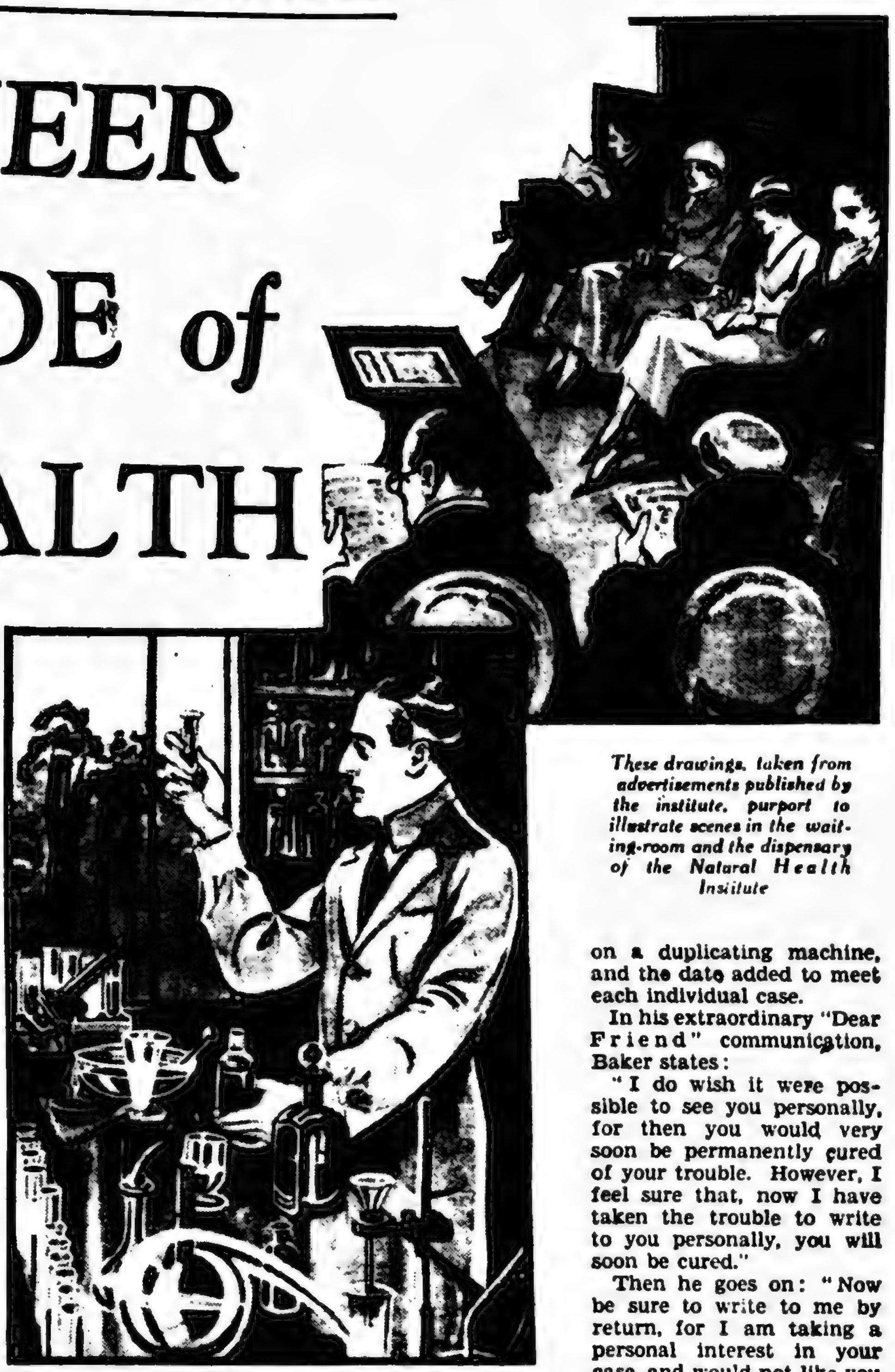
Many dear friends

The manner in which Dennison, or Baker, follows, in letter pursuit, the people who have answered their preposterous advertisements shows that money-making is their only object.

At the beginning a fee of two guineas is asked for the "cure."

But, should the enquirer not forward the fee first asked, then he is pestered with "follow-ups." Fees are reduced; the treatment is offered on the instalment plan.

Finally, Baker will forward a facsimile of a personal letter in his own handwriting, addressed to "My Dear Friend." These letters are run off by the hundred on a duplicating machine, and the date added to meet each individual case.



These drawings, taken from advertisements published by the institute, purport to illustrate scenes in the waiting-room and the dispensary of the Natural Health Institute

In his extraordinary "Dear Friend" communication, Baker states:

"I do wish it were possible to see you personally, for then you would very soon be permanently cured of your trouble. However, I feel sure that, now I have taken the trouble to write to you personally, you will soon be cured."

Then he goes on: "Now be sure to write to me by return, for I am taking a personal interest in your case, and would not like you to ignore this letter.—Your sincere friend, Bertram Baker."

Remember, that letter with a promise of a cure is written before Baker knows from what his prospective patient is suffering.

How such abominable trash can be accepted by reasonable people passes my understanding.

Instances have occurred in the past of Dennison—under threat of legal process—disgorging the fees he has charged to people, who found, after trial, that his treatment was useless to them.

I recommend others who are not satisfied to do the same.

Swindle in Suffering

CHIROPODISTS, unregistered specialists, osteopaths, nursing home proprietors, and all people who are engaged in any phase of the medical profession which does not debar them from advertising for clients, should be on their guard against a clever impostor named Maurice Lamb, who professes to be an advertising specialist.

Lamb is touring this country representing himself to be on the staff of the *Catholic Record*.

He seeks interviews with people engaged in one or another of the commercial avenues to which we have referred, and puts before them a scheme which, he says, will treble the number of their clients.

A typical instance will suffice to show how Lamb works.

He called at a Chester nursing home the other day and informed the matron that his firm was issuing, in each future number of the paper, a special eight-page advertising supplement devoted to sickness and suffering.

* * *

For a specified charge he could supply a display advertisement, giving full details of treatment, fees, etc., and could ensure that it was worded to make a special appeal to all sufferers concerned.

The matron handed over several guineas, received an acknowledgment made out in the name of "W. H. Martin, Publisher, Dublin," and patiently waited for a specimen copy of the *Catholic Record* to arrive with the supplement containing her advertisement.

It has not been forthcoming, however, and enquiries made by us reveal that Maurice Lamb, in the names of Whittle, Andrew, Martin, etc., has obtained quite a lot of money in different parts of the country.

There is no such paper as the *Catholic Record*, and any readers approached by this rogue should refer him politely to this brief exposure of his operations and request from him an explanation!

Crooked Seaman

A PARTICULARLY mean form of confidence trick is being practised by John Manley, an ex-seaman, who is finding many victims among the clergy, particularly in the Midlands.

Recently Manley called at a vicarage in Derby. He explained that he had just been discharged from his ship at Liverpool. He said only a part of his pay had been given to him, but the balance would be paid next month, so for the moment he was short of cash.

Manley then stated that he had relatives in Derby who would assist him, but they were away on holiday.

Enough to say that the vicar was impressed and gave him financial aid.

Unfortunately, Manley has been visiting many vicars at towns in the Midlands and extracting money by telling exactly the same story!

WONDERFUL HEALTH OFFER

WORLD-FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

RHEUMATISM–STIFF JOINTS
Neuritis–Sciatica–Lumbago–Gout

NOW SOLD UNDER GUARANTEE THAT

"YOU BENEFIT or PAY NOTHING"

Readers are Invited to Get from Any Chemist a 1/3 Bottle of

BELTONA

BRAND LOTION

Use half the contents as directed and if you have not begun to feel benefit, such as Relief from Pain—some Loosening of Stiff Muscles or Joints and general Ease of Movement—then you may return the remainder to Beltona, Ltd., and the One Shilling and Threepence will be REFUNDED IN FULL.

Here are a few Instances out of more than 10,000 Reported Cases to show what Beltona will do in the way of Instant Pain Relief—Unlocking Joints Locked for Years—Restoring Use to Stiff Limbs—Reducing Inflammation and Swellings and Extracting Uric Acid Crystals and Chalky Deposits.

SPECIAL OFFER TO JOHN BULL Readers

IMMEDIATE RELIEF for 1/-

by sending coupon at foot.

TO-DAY is announced one of the most important events in the history of healing. A world-famous remedy is henceforth to be sold under a definite GUARANTEE of BENEFIT or NO COST to the sufferer.

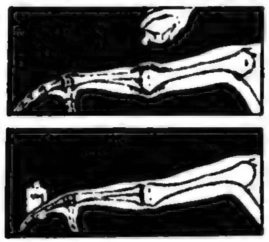
It is the unfailing success of Beltona Brand Lotion in cases of Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, and similar painful ailments which enables such a unique offer to be made to all sufferers.

Because Beltona Brand Lotion DOES take the sting out of Rheumatism in a few minutes—because Beltona DOES perceptibly reduce swellings—because Beltona DOES give more movement to Stiff or locked joints—because Beltona DOES bring about permanent improvement, and, in most cases, complete recovery after years of suffering and helplessness—this remarkable guarantee of Benefit or No Pay is possible.

The extraordinary value of Beltona is an indisputable fact, proved by more than ten thousand letters similar to those on this page, freely given to Mr. Belton, the discoverer.

Beltona Lotion has already become the Treatment recognised by Doctors, Nurses, Osteopaths and Chemists, for Rheumatism and almost every form of painful, inflammatory, and joint-locking disorder.

Beltona is the great "direct acting" remedy for relief from the agony caused by these ailments. You must get the Uric Acid poisons and deposits out of your system in order to obtain relief. Beltona attacks them by the shortest cut—through the skin—and literally soaks them out.



How Beltona Lotion effects its wonderful curative mission.

Like ink into blotting paper, Beltona imperceptibly penetrates into the pores. Pain is eased in a few minutes. Soon you find that stiff muscles move easily. Swellings begin to go down.

Every time you apply Beltona Lotion the benefit increases until the trouble fades away completely. That is the history of thousands of grateful ex-sufferers who take the trouble to write and thank Mr. Belton for their restoration to a life of freedom and usefulness.

If you suffer, however slightly or however severely, act to-day. Get a bottle of Beltona from the chemist right away and prove what wonderful benefit you can obtain from this remarkable quick-acting Lotion.

For Special 1/- Trial forward Coupon on right.

Celebrated 'Eccentric' Band Conductor

CRIPPLED 12 MONTHS

Restored to Stage by 'BELTONA' Brand Lotion

Thousands of readers will recognise the famous L'Oonie

I, Frank Douglas Groundsell professionally known as L'Oonie, do solemnly and sincerely declare;—

Following injuries through falling off the stage, I developed Poly-Articular Arthritis, one of the most severe forms of Arthritis, and was lying for nine months on my back in St. Pancras Hospital, London, N.W., followed by three months' convalescence.

On my discharge, I could not even hobble, much less walk, and had entirely lost the use of my right arm, hand, and ankle. I was told I should never entirely regain the use of my limbs.

Through reading about Beltona Brand Lotion in a newspaper whilst in hospital I then started using Beltona, and thereby recovered the full and free use of my limbs.

I am now performing my acrobatic conducting, somersaults, etc., as well as ever, filling engagements, with my band, all over the country and am a living witness of what Beltona Brand Lotion can do in such a severe case.

(Signed) Frank Douglas Groundsell (L'Oonie).

Declared at 24 Lime Street, in the City of London, the first day of May, 1933, before me (signed) J. L. Perry, a Commissioner for Oaths.

CRIPPLED EX-NAVAL MAN RESTORED BY BELTONA

5, George Street, Harwich. July 3rd, 1933.

Dear Sirs,—I was in bed twelve months. I have been into five hospitals, for two years in all, and have been attended by doctors and specialists innumerable.

They have told me my case was hopeless. My kness were swollen as big as a football, and everything has been tried to shift it in vain. I have now been enabled to use Beltona in adequate quantities and the results have been marvellous. Yesterday I walked three-quarters of a mile—after being helpless and unable to move for seven years without crutches.

Yours faithfully
Tom Lucas.

WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE at NOTTINGHAM

"Cannot praise Beltona Lotion enough"

Miss G. Martin, of 54 Saville Street, Nottingham, writes:—

Dear Sir,—I had to give up work with severe Rheumatism in right leg which gradually worked up my right side. My leg and arm were swollen; I could not rest anywhere for pain. My doctor ordered me to bed. After trying everything I possibly could, went into hospital for three weeks, but it returned as bad as ever. Sent for trial bottle, then continued with treatment, and cannot praise Beltona Lotion enough. Can now do a day's work with anyone.

10,000 Letters Heap Praise on BELTONA

BRIEF EXTRACTS:

NEURITIS "I was stricken with Neuritis and only able to crawl about with the aid of a crutch and stick. The third bottle (of Beltona) has banished all pain, and I am able to get about without any inconvenience."—Mr. B. Allen, 82 Church Road, Richmond, Surrey.

SCIATICA Beltona Lotion has entirely rid me of a most severe attack of Sciatica. I would not be without it in the house."—A. Heath, Mill House, Broad Oak, Heathfield.

DEFORMED JOINTS "I developed Rheumatism in hands, feet, and knees, and was considered an incurable case. The great blessing of your preparation is the certain unlocking of deformed and painful joints."—J. C. Dominy, 43 Headcorn Road, Thornton Heath.

LUMBAGO "I have had Sciatica and Lumbago for nine weeks, and been in awful pain; also stayed in bed a week. I sent for a small bottle (of Beltona), and twenty minutes after using was out of pain, and have not had any pain since."—Mrs. S. A. Wallington, 45 Red Rock Road, Rednal, Birmingham.

INFLAMED MUSCLES "I was laid up for nearly three months with Inflammation of the Muscles, and since using Beltona Lotion I have been able to get about and work again."—C. W. L., Haddenham, Bucks.

CHEMISTS Everywhere sell Beltona (Brand) Lotion under the above stated guarantee of

RELIEF—
Or NO PAY

including Boots', Taylor's, Timothy White's, Needham's, Squires, etc. Price 1/3, 3/- (three times 1/3 size) and 5/- (double 3/- size) per bottle. Should your chemist not stock it you can obtain it in 3/- and 5/- sizes (post free) from BELTONA, LTD., High Street, Hoddesdon, Herts.

POST THIS FORM

AND START TO GET WELL

To BELTONA, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.),
High Street, Hoddesdon, Herts.

Please send me Generous Trial Bottle of Beltona Lotion and the Free Book. I send Postal Order or Stamps for 1/- to cover postage, packing, etc.

Mr. Belton, discoverer of Beltona Brand Lotion, who originated the unique "No Benefit—No Pay" Policy stated above.

I am suffering from..............................

NAME..............................
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss). Please print in block letters.

ADDRESS..............................

....

....

Note.—No proprietary right is claimed in this preparation apart from the registered trade mark, "Beltona." *John Bull, 4/11/33*

JB

BIG BAD BUSINESS WOLF

Does your ledger tell you that your business is on its last legs? If so, don't tell the "White Elephant Man"!

WHEN an enterprising individual comes forward and advertises his readiness to relieve people of troublesome "white elephants" in the form of businesses that have not prospered, one may be forgiven for suspecting that there is a catch in it.

Such suspicion is more than confirmed by an investigation we have just conducted at the request of certain readers into the affairs of a company known as Irving Locke, Ltd.

This concern is to be found in offices at 188, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., with a number of other companies of a diversified nature, including the Whitehall Investment Corporation, the Direct Gown Supply, the Mediterranean Hotel Syndicate, Ltd., and Forbes and Company.

For the moment we will confine our observations to the affairs of Irving Locke, Ltd., and the queer offer to relieve harassed traders of their commercial "white elephants."

Many small traders who have answered Irving Locke's advertisements and called in the help of these business experts have been sadly disappointed.

Among them is a young man who was in business as a boot and shoe dealer at Eltham. He, like others, was attracted by the seemingly generous offer to help him in his business difficulties.

Made bankrupt

After some discussion Irving Locke, Ltd., agreed to take over his business and its liabilities, and, as he was to be retained as manager of the Eltham business at a salary of £2 10s. a week, the proposition seemed hopeful.

But if he imagined that Irving Locke, Ltd., would succeed in putting his business on a sound basis, he was soon disillusioned.

The salary was paid for a short time. But when a distress warrant for rates was issued the firm sent motor lorries to the Eltham premises and removed practically the whole of the stock.

The result was that this young man was forced into bankruptcy. He certainly lost his "white elephant"—and nearly everything else besides.

But, while supposedly setting out to assist luckless traders, Irving Locke, Ltd., has been indulging in miscellaneous trading on its own account in circumstances which have occasioned numerous complaints.

It has been making a widespread attempt to obtain goods on credit from manufacturers in all parts of the country.

It has already succeeded in obtaining goods ranging from boot polish to silk cuttings; from cork mats to rabbits! But little or no success attends the efforts of the suppliers to obtain settlement of their accounts!

The impudence of Irving Locke, Ltd., seems to be boundless. Recently, when endeavouring to secure a big consignment of rabbits on credit terms, it had the audacity to furnish as a reference the name of a business man in the City who was actually numbered among its *dissatisfied* clients!

Presumably it was hoped that the name alone would be sufficient to impress the rabbit dealers, and that the reference would not be taken up.

"Deferred payment"

A Bradford trader, who saw that Irving Locke, Ltd., was advertising in a trade paper for silk, got into touch with the firm, and was later favoured with an interview from one of its representatives.

The outcome was that he was persuaded to send a quantity of silk goods on credit terms. He has asked for payment repeatedly.

On five occasions he has been promised that a representative will call and settle matters, but he is still awaiting payment.

Enquiry shows that Forbes and Company has been carrying on this same goods-on-credit method of business from the same office.

Yet it is not even registered in accordance with the requirements of the Business Names Act.

And what of the other concerns in this mystery office?

The impressive-sounding Mediterranean Hotel Syndicate, Ltd., was formed in 1931, with a nominal capital of £100, divided into 2,000 1s. shares.

But only two shilling shares were ever subscribed, and in March this year it was admitted that the company had never functioned in any way.

But the value of such a high-sounding title on an office name-board is obvious.

The Whitehall Investment Corporation, we find, is a business name, registered in 1931 at a cost of 5s. The Direct Gown Supply is not registered at all!

When we probe the affairs of this interesting group of companies a little further, one very illuminating fact emerges.

Associated with all these ventures, in one way or another, is a certain G. A. Andrews, who proves most elusive when sought by callers, though he has signed most of the correspondence for Irving Locke, Ltd.

He bought up this company for a few pounds in 1932, when it was in difficulties.

In March of the present year his name appeared on the documents of the company as the holder of a £100 debenture, and a few days later he became secretary of the company.

In August last a mortgage of £600 on the premises and goodwill of Irving Locke, Ltd., was arranged and is held by a Mr. William Hobbs.

The latter became dissatisfied, and on September 13 decided to appoint a receiver.

Imagine this gentleman's amazement on arriving at the company's premises to find another receiver already in charge of operations, having been appointed by Andrews on the strength of his £100 debenture.

Who, then, is G. A. Andrews? Investigation shows that he is a financier who has had a most varied career, and who has figured in more than one venture of a dubious kind.

Theatrical failure

He has come under our notice on at least two occasions in the past—once as a financier who was associated with the flamboyant film schemes of John Amery and again in connection with the crash of a touring theatrical company.

In the latter instance he was a co-proprietor of a concern which stranded a company of twenty-four actors and actresses after the first week of a provincial tour!

This, then, is the man who now plays such an active part in controlling the affairs of the queer group of companies at Aldersgate Street.

Far from desiring to take care of other people's "white elephants," we should have thought he had more than enough of his own!

It Happens in Britain . . .

WHEN our newspapers bring home to us the horrors of some earthquake that has laid bare a city, an eruption, or a fire that has gutted streets of houses, there is usually a sentence that strikes a particularly poignant note.

It is the one that tells us of the victims who have had to desert their gutted homes, often illustrated by heartrending pictures of columns of people with blank, expressionless faces, trudging to heaven knows where with the few worldly effects they have been able to gather.

Such things happen only to foreigners, we are apt to tell ourselves—little knowing that the plight of these people is the plight of somebody in Britain almost every day of the week.

There is the case of a family in a southern town, for instance.

The fact that their home suffered alone did not make their distress any the less acute when fire swept through their house, destroyed the furniture and effects they had got together so lovingly, and reduced the building itself to little more than a shell They had to trek for shelter as people have had to do in the volcanic districts in the world.

What a tragedy it would have been for them if it had not been for a piece of paper they had signed—a coupon such as you can turn to to-day on page 41.

Because they had the foresight to sign it they received a cheque in respect of the rent while the house was unoccupied which went a long way to relieving them of their burden.

Amongst the many provisions JOHN BULL makes for its registered readers, those for fire, storm and flood damage are conspicuously in evidence—no other paper lends a helping hand in these ever-present dangers.

No, we in Britain are not immune from the tragedies that so often befall people on the slopes of Vesuvius and Etna, or on the plains of some earthquake-ridden country. The big difference, however, is that in civilised Britain a little foresight that need cost nothing can make such a difference to us when disaster strikes

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DUBIOUS DEBT COLLECTOR

AN unemployed reader belonging to Wallasey, in Cheshire, who answered an advertisement in a newspaper, was invited to collect debts on behalf of Sherman, Myers and Company, of 303, High Holborn, London, W.C.2.

This concern devotes two closely printed sheets to instructions as to procedure, urging that only repeated calls can be depended upon to secure the business required.

A form of prospectus enclosed by Sherman, Myers and Company is headed The United Kingdom Accountancy Offices, "registered by law," of 303, High Holborn, likewise.

The one concern, through the other, desires to call attention to manufacturers, merchants, doctors, and storekeepers, that its system of debt recovery is the most effectual as well as the most economical in the country.

The commission charged is the quite reasonable sum of from 2s. for debts of less than £1, or sixpence in the £1 for amounts of £20 and over.

All this, of course, is very businesslike: the instructions to agents are concise; the fact that no annual subscriptions are required is calculated to prove attractive; the claim that law and district agents exist throughout the land suggests a vast organisation.

But the United Kingdom Accountancy Offices, like the firm of Sherman, Myers and Company, of 303, High Holborn, W.C.2, is merely the registered business name of George Ellis, described as an accountant.

Enquiry reveals a number of interesting things about this man.

Not long ago he was the author of an advertisement appearing in certain newspapers, offering spare-time employment to workers of either sex.

He was then the proprietor of a concern known as the Southdown Publicity Company, of 1, London Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Those willing to take up the work of copying letters and despatching literature were offered from £1 to £2 a week.

But first Ellis desired a fee of 2s. 9d. from applicants as the cost for "instructions."

Ellis was a former associate of the notorious Spikesman, many times exposed in JOHN BULL, who eventually went to jail for fraud.

In these circumstances traders and professional men should think twice before entrusting their debts to this upstart agency for collection.

★*This magnificent British-made*

OVERCOAT

for only 300

B.D.V. COUPONS

provided that they be sent not later than February 28th, 1934.

HERE is what you have all been waiting for—the greatest free gift offer of all time. A tip-top winter overcoat for only 300 coupons, *and you know in advance that it is really worth collecting for.* Made of tested cloth, *British made.* Start collecting now—you may never have such a chance again.

SPECIFICATION

Full winter weight, double-breasted two-button style overcoat; made from genuine Yorkshire Melton or Tweed. Two deep pockets with velvety lining. Coat lined with good Bradford made Italian cloth, well cut, fashionable padded shoulders, double strength seams and buttonholes throughout. In blue or dark grey Melton and grey or brown tweed.

MEASUREMENT CHART

		Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.	Ins.
MEN'S SIZES 300 Coupons	Chest	34	35	36	37	38
	Length	41	42	42½	43	43½
	Chest	39	40	42	44	
	Length	44	44½	45½	46	
YOUTHS' SIZES 275 Coupons	Chest	33	32	31	30	
	Length	40	39	38	36½	
BOYS' SIZES 250 Coupons	Chest	29	28	27	26	25
	Length	34	32½	31½	30	28½

Please state colour and chest measurement when ordering.

★ **SOCKS - - 2 PAIRS FOR 25 COUPONS**

Full-length all-wool heavy-weight socks. British made with very comfortable but long wearing ribbed knit. Choice of four colours, Black, Navy, Army Grey or Heather. Sizes 10in., 10½in., or 11in.

★ **MUFFLER - - - FOR 25 COUPONS**

Wide all-wool fleecy mufflers 5ft. long. Fast dyed. Choice of plain colours. White, Navy, Brown, Grey. Also Club Colours in broad cross stripes. The authentic colours are available for the 4 Divisions of the Football League, 2 Divisions of the Scottish League, Rugby League and Speedway Clubs.

10 for 6d. (containing one coupon), also in packets 20 for 11½d. (containing two coupons)

THESE OFFERS ARE OPEN UNTIL FEBRUARY 28, 1934

smoke
BDV
cigarettes
10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

BDV FREE VOUCHER
10 FREE COUPONS
Available only for Winter Overcoat Offer.
Only one voucher available for any one gift.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

____________________A.O.25,4/11/33

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., 39 COMMERCIAL ST., LONDON

Coupon collectors are requested to send in all coupons for Gifts not later than February 28th, 1934.

Huge CARPET SWINDLE *Exposed*

READERS should be on the look-out for members of various organisations engaged in a widespread effort to dispose of carpets and so-called "Persian Prayer Rugs" at fantastic prices.

How necessary this warning is will be readily observed when we say that letters of enquiry and complaint have already reached us from Yorkshire, Lanarkshire, Pembrokeshire and Middlesex.

A titled lady residing in the neighbourhood of Milford Haven, in Wales, has afforded us a detailed account of the manner by which she was completely duped to the tune of more than £300.

And, judging by a leaflet now being circularised in the suburbs of London by a fictitious firm of "carpet commissioners and brokers," many others are in equal danger of being misled into parting with their ready money.

A feature of the ramp is that frequently the goods offered can only be purchased from a man driving a car packed with what are described as "English Axminsters, Wiltons, Brussels, Kidderminster tapestries," and so forth.

Round-the-world man

The lady we mention was favoured with a call by an individual, who, giving the name of John Harrison, sold her a rug for £12.

This proved quite satisfactory, so that when he called again, he was favourably received.

He professed to be a seafaring man, and stated that, in voyaging to all parts of the world, he had acquired a thorough knowledge of carpets. He said he had lately decided to turn this knowledge to good account, and had received a shipment into the port of Cardiff.

The first cheque he received from our Welsh reader was endorsed by a person named "Harris," whose first name is indistinct; but the second John Harrison cashed the same day himself.

He then disappeared for some months, but during the interval a Mr. Fraser called and presented a card bearing the name H. Randolph and Co., described as direct importers of Oriental rugs, of 28-30, Charterhouse Row, London, E.C.

He asked to be allowed to inspect any carpets, curios, skins or rugs which our titled reader might desire to sell.

In a tour of inspection Fraser admired a grizzly bear skin, went into ecstasies over a Polar bear skin, and finally included the carpets recently purchased from John Harrison in a lot, for which he offered to pay £325 cash.

The carpets, he said, were worth a lot of money, and were scarce. He would be only too glad to call for them in due course and complete the deal.

Sealing the bargain, as it were, a man named J. Roe, described as the manager of the firm H. Randolph and Co., of 28-30, Charterhouse Row, E.C., signed a letter confirming the offer; it was arranged that the agent should call within three days.

But nothing more was either seen or heard of Mr. Fraser, or of the London concern.

We are satisfied, nevertheless, that it was by no means a coincidence that John Harrison arrived before the three days had elapsed, on this occasion with a motor-car laden with rugs and carpets.

These women are making genuine Persian carpets. The rogues exposed tell lying stories of bargains brought back from the East

So thoroughly had the former caller, Mr. Fraser, convinced the lady that these articles were rare and extremely valuable, that the second salesman had no difficulty in extracting a cheque for £300 in exchange for a quantity of his new wares.

It is hardly necessary to add that neither Fraser nor Harrison has since been near the lady's house.

But they have visited other residents in the neighbourhood of Tenby and Milford Haven!

Elusive firms

Between them, they are practising a most successful form of confidence trick.

How utterly unscrupulous the whole thing is will be better appreciated when we divulge that no such firm as H. Randolph and Co. can be traced; and that the address given is quite fictitious.

Letters sent to the street named have been returned by the postal authorities!

Working the same ramp in Glasgow and district is a man who has informed householders that he represents Conen and Co., whose head office is said to be at Midland Buildings, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, London, E.

This person called on one of our readers the other day, offering £50 for a carpet which had cost but £10 in the first place; and within a day or two a letter was received, purporting to come from the firm mentioned, signed by T. W. White, for the general manager, confirming the offer made.

And in this instance, too, the offer was closely followed by a caller, who offered to sell similar carpets for exorbitant sums.

We need hardly say that, like H. Randolph and Co., Conen and Co., of Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E., has no real existence.

It is not registered with the proper authorities, nor can the building named be traced.

The same applies to a concern calling itself Lee and Sons, described as dealers in antique furniture and Persian rugs, of Central Buildings, Regent Street, London.

The agents for this last are calling on housewives in Sheffield and the neighbourhood: and the cards they leave boast of branches in Edinburgh and Liverpool.

There is, too, a team with motor-cars now on tour in Middlesex and the South of England, claiming to represent Hope and Sons, of Wilson Street, E.C.2.

A leaflet announces that 10,000 carpets and rugs are to be disposed of, but they can only be purchased from the agent with a car.

But Hope and Sons, of Wilson Street, E.C.2, is but another organisation with an existence as elusive as the others.

No Hope!

Enquiries in streets which are named, in trade directories, and of old-established trading concerns, yield a negative result. Hope and Sons are quite unknown!

It is obvious, therefore, that householders must be on the watch for these plausible callers, who either have rugs and carpets to sell, or who are anxious to buy similar wares at extraordinary prices.

We trust the police in these various places will make an especial enquiry into the ramifications of this growing ramp.

The Human Machine

Keep Listening

THE other day a big scene was being shot in a film studio. Everything was going smoothly until suddenly the director objected to a line spoken by one of the chief characters. "It isn't right," he said; "it doesn't really express the action."

Production was stopped while a hurried conference was held on the floor. All the experts put their heads together and a stream of suggestions flowed. But none of them was just what was wanted—and meanwhile money was pouring away at the rate of hundreds of pounds a minute.

"Why not say it this way?" suggested a voice from the back. The director jumped up. "Grand!" he said; "that's just it. Come on, boys, let's go!" The scene was successfully shot, and then the director said, "By the way, who suggested that line?"

"A page boy," said the cameraman; "and it just shows that in this darned business it pays to listen to anyone and everyone who has a suggestion to make. You never know where the next bright suggestion's coming from."

You never do; and whether in the film business or in any other business, the man who is too proud to listen to suggestions is in the wrong place. He should be in his coffin, for that's the only place for anyone who thinks he knows everything and has no more to learn. He's no use to anyone.

The whole of life is run on ideas, and you might as well keep your ears open for any suggestion that might help to make your life run more smoothly. You can learn something from everyone you meet—if you are willing to listen.

A mind closed to ideas is a dead mind—dead and buried beneath the weight of its own insufferable conceit.

THE TIMBER TRICK

IT is a customary thing for rogues to provide themselves with costly wardrobes, but it is not often that a criminal deliberately dresses himself in soiled and ragged clothes for the purpose of creating an impression.

This, however, is done by a persistent crook named Harold Holt.

Holt is really a well-educated and cultured man, but he finds his pose as a poor but hard-working artisan very profitable.

His story is always the same, and the brief details of a visit he paid recently to Kidderminster may be taken as a typical example of his methods.

* * *

Looking very tired and worn, he arrived at a small apartment house and booked a room. He did not think he would be staying more than one night, as he was only in the town for the purpose of "clearing up" for his employers a job that had been carried out locally by other employees.

At the end of the next day he revealed the fact that his "clearing up" activities had ended exactly as he expected they would, and volunteered the information that his employers, a London firm of timber merchants, paid very bad wages.

Though economising in this direction, however, the firm was very wasteful concerning its supplies, and consequently at the end of a "job" there was often enough timber left over to keep a medium-sized apartment house going in firewood for months. That was precisely what had happened in the present case.

His host was eventually induced to hand over 25s. for the waste wood and cartage, as Holt said it was a bargain at that price. So it was for him, for he promptly disappeared with the money and leaving his bill unpaid.

His dupe has since discovered that he was not engaged on any local work of the kind suggested, but had spent his time in visiting other local houses in the same way and securing similar sums after staying a night.

All over the country he is doing it, making, in small sums, quite a handsome livelihood. His daily hauls often average £5 or £6, and his victims are all poor, hard-working people

Half-a-M

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"AT

But perhaps we don't *want* to be "attractive," Lord Beatty!

WE must have a bigger Navy "to make us attractive as an ally," cries Lord Beatty.

Unless we have a bigger Air Force, "are we any use as an ally?" asks Lord Lloyd.

Bigger Navy: bigger Air Force: bigger Army: kill the Disarmament Conference: denounce the Naval Treaties: get out of the League.

And all so that we can be alluring to somebody who is trying to pick up an "attractive" and a "useful" ally.

Half-a-minute, Lord Beatty. Half-a-minute, Lord Lloyd! You are begging a big question. Do we—do the mass of the people of these islands—want to be picked up? Do we want to be "attractive"? Do we want to be "allied" with anybody?

"The people of England," Disraeli once remarked, "do not love coalitions."

If they have any sense—and they have vastly more than Lord Beatty or Lord Lloyd suspect—they loathe and detest the very sound of the word "alliance"; and they have not the least intention of entering on policies they do not approve for the sake of alliances they do not want.

Alliances! For centuries and centuries alliances have been the curse of Europe.

It is a polite enough word. But there is an uglier one which means just the same thing: that is "gang." The politics of alliances are pretty much the politics of gangsterdom. And the quarrels of rival alliances can play as much havoc with a continent as the quarrels of rival gangs with a city.

Doubtless the minor gangsterdom also has its Lord Beattys. Doubtless often in Chicago a youngster clamours for an automatic for his birthday. "See, pop, I've only got that old shot-gun. And the boys just won't let me join a gang. Seem to think I'm no use. Guess if I had a new gat I'd be more attractive."

For centuries Europe has been a Chicago, plagued by the exploits of gangsters and gunmen. And for centuries, too, the rulers of this country have squandered millions of lives and thousands of millions of money by joining as "allies" in this continent-wide gangsterdom.

It was Edward III who began the game, almost exactly 600 years ago. It was in 1337 that he made an alliance with the Belgian cities of the Count of Brabant and the Emperor Ludwig of Bavaria, and so formed the first of many "gangs" against the French.

The plunderers

That little effort started the Hundred Years' War, which ruined England and France as well—though it made fat fortunes for quite a lot of profiteers and plunderers, including Dick Whittington, who made quite a good thing out of Army contracting.

Since then England (and later Great Britain) has been in alliance with almost every country in Europe; and in alliances against almost every country in Europe.

We have been allied with the French against the Dutch, and with the Dutch against the Spaniards, and with the Spaniards against the French, with the French against the Spaniards.

We have been allied with the Prussians against the Austrians and with the Austrians against the Prussians, and with other people against both. We have been in alliance with the Turks against the Russians and with the Russians against the Turks.

And, as a result, Englishmen and Welshmen, Scotsmen and Irishmen, have been sent all over the length and breadth of Europe, from Albuera to Archangel, from Dover Straits to the Dardanelles, and have been killed there for the oddest mixture of causes, hardly any of which were any concern of theirs.

Fight—for everybody

And British money has been spent like water paying for the wars of Frenchmen and Germans and Russians, and everybody—ever since the day when that same Edward III promised the Emperor money if he would send his German knights to harry France.

We have waged war in Europe to stop the Scheldt being open—and to stop the Scheldt being closed: to keep the French away from the Rhine—and to bring the French back to the Rhine: to keep the Austrians in Italy—and to drive the Austrians out of Italy: to make Silesia Austrian and Prussian and Polish by turns: to hold Russia back from Constantinople—and to help her try to capture Constantinople: to make the Spaniards accept an Austrian king and to stop the Belgians accepting a Spanish king: to make France stop having a Republic and to make Germany stop having an Emperor.

There is hardly a "cause" or a quarrel in Europe but that, being tangled in some alliance or other, we have fought for and against and on both sides at varying times.

There have been "famous victories" and crushing defeats. There have been great generals and great admirals; and deeds of heroism; and any amount of material for school books and adventure stories and other ways of training the young to believe that it has been all very splendid.

Blood and taxes

Also there have been lots and lots of loot for the few who got in on either the graft or the plunder. Every big war has made big fortunes for somebody.

But for the mass of the people it has all meant just blood and taxes, press-gangs and conscriptions, famines and unemployment.

And whenever any of them has dared to ask "Why?"—why all these alliances, why all this joining in strange quarrels overseas, why this constant stream of British youth to die in "the cruel wars in High Germany" or elsewhere—the reply has been that so far as the common people are concerned it is "theirs not to reason why: theirs but to do or die."

Alliance after alliance, we have been assured, was for the better safeguarding of peace. Alliance after alliance has led swiftly, inevitably to war, and by the very fact of its existence has made war wider in scope, longer in duration, more devastating in its results.

Europe's shortest wars have been those in which one country has been pitted against another, without allies. Whenever alliance has been pitted against alliance, gang against gang, the struggle has tended, naturally enough, to be longer, more bitter and more bloody.

The last and bloodiest of all, the war which cost this country a million lives, was, too, a war of alliances: and we were "in it" because of our alliance—disguised though it was under the specious name of "Entente"—with France and Russia.

For twenty years or more before the war broke it was being prepared. Two big European alliances, two big "gangs," faced each other—the Dual Alliance of France and Russia, and the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy.

And since Britain was evidently an "attractive" ally, each "gang" tried from time to time to get her to join up. Lord Salisbury firmly refused, though Joseph Chamberlain twice tried to persuade him to join the Triple Alliance, and so get German aid against France in Africa and Russia in the Far East. The old Premier stuck firmly to the policy of "no alliances," which had become traditional since Canning's day, and had—with the brief Crimean interval—kept us out of all the European wars since Waterloo.

But Salisbury went. And England plunged at once into a welter of alliances and ententes. The Japanese alliance of 1902 led straight to the Russo-Japanese war of 1904, and came within a hair's-breadth of dragging us into it.

Nineteen hundred and five brought the "entente" with France. Hailed as a great victory for peace, as a settlement of old historic quarrels, it was, in fact though not in form, an alliance of the bad old kind.

Within a year we came to the verge of war with Germany. The first of a series of "crises" had begun.

The Kaiser went to Casablanca and made a speech. The French, already preparing to annex Morocco—whose integrity and independence they had solemnly guaranteed—took

If we build some more attractive battleships like this one our allies will be so very pleased!

Mo’, LORD BEATTY!

Here’s the Naked Truth *about being an* “ATTRACTIVE ALLY”

offence. There was a snarling quarrel—in the course of which the British Government promised that if war came it would send, not only the fleet, but 40,000 men to the help of France: to keep Germany from interfering with a French conquest of Morocco.

From then on it was only a matter of time. Entente with France brought entente with Tsarist Russia, and an obligation to back Russia against Austria in the Balkans. The military and naval staffs made their war plans in concert: a British Expeditionary Force was got ready: all arrangements were worked out for its transport over-Channel: it was allotted its place in the French line.

The two navies were equally allotted their posts. The British fleet was concentrated in the North Sea and Channel: the French fleet in the Mediterranean.

And diplomatic crises followed diplomatic crises. In 1908 we were near to being involved in the Austro-Russian quarrel over the annexation of Bosnia; but Russia, still feeling the after-effects of the Japanese war and the first revolution, was not ready, and gave way.

In 1911 came the Agadir crisis—a second Franco-German quarrel over Morocco. The visit of a German gunboat to a Moroccan port was the fantastic occasion of that row. But we prepared to support our allies and to plunge into war for such a cause; only the French military reforms were not complete. Russia, sore at a lack of French enthusiasm in the Bosnian crisis, held back. France did a horse-trade with Germany: paid a slice of the Congo for freedom of action in Morocco. Again war was evaded by a hair’s-breadth.

But the system of alliances had produced this effect: that almost any “incident” anywhere that involved any of them brought the two “gangs” into line against each other; and every year, every month, each of them was—at any rate in the opinion of its own generals and admirals — better and better prepared for war.

So far, at each crisis, somebody had flinched at the critical moment, had felt not quite ready. But with all the ceaseless preparations the moment was now sure to come when everybody felt ready, when nobody would flinch, when somebody would order the mobilisation that meant war.

The system of European alliances was making a European war certain. And Great Britain was in the middle of it, pledged “in honour” up to the hilt, pledged by the fact that the war plans of France and Russia had been worked out in confident assurance of British aid.

The assassination of the Archduke put the match to the powder. But if it had not been that it would have been something else; if it had not been 1914, it would have been 1915 or 1916. The alliances had made war certain.

A Serbian killed the Archduke. Austria decided to deal once for all with Serbia—a perpetual thorn in her side. Russia told Austria to keep her hands off, and began to mobilise slowly. Germany, as Austria’s ally, warned Russia to stop; began mobilising herself. Russia and Germany declared war. France, bound by her alliance, joined in. Britain, bound by her “debt of honour,” joined in. The invasion of Belgium was really incidental.

It was the system of alliances, the system of European “gangs,” that turned a bomb outrage in a Bosnian town into a world conflagration.

It is that damnable system which gentlemen like Lord Beatty and Lord Lloyd want to see revived.

And they want us to pile up more and more armaments so that we shall join in these gangster wars, so that we shall be “attractive” and “useful” gunmen for inclusion in the gangs.

No policy could be more wicked, no policy could be more foolish, no policy could be more suicidal.

What is the alternative?

Disarm the gunmen!

What is the right way of dealing with gangsterdom inside a country? It is a triple one: Break up the gangs, disarm the gunmen, assert the authority of the law.

Very well. It is just the same in the society of the nations. The same triple policy is the only way to peace. And it is worth noting that all three points of it are in Wilson’s famous Fourteen Points to which the world pledged itself when peace was made in 1918.

Point One: “No private international understandings of any kind.” Put an end to alliances. Break up the gangs. A nation is itself; and it is a member of the society of nations. But if it gets into cahoots with other nations, if it forms alliances, it is guilty of gangsterdom.

Point Four: “National armaments to be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.” Disarmament all round; abolition of the gunmen. Note the word “domestic.” Armed forces for keeping the peace at home, not for disturbing the peace abroad.

Point Fourteen: “A general association of nations for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees.” The germ of the League of Nations. The reign of law in international affairs. The assertion of the control of the whole community to secure that every individual keeps the peace.

That way lies peace. The other way—the Beatty way—lies inevitable war. And the next Great War will destroy civilisation.

One way: the way of armaments and alliances.

The other way: the way of disarmament, of no alliances, of the League of Nations, built and strengthened until it becomes a sure guarantee of peace.

Way to peace

That is the big issue that faces every people—and the British people above all.

The answer to Lord Beatty is that we have had six hundred years of his policy, and that we know where it leads. That we want, not war, war, war, but peace, in our time and in our children’s time.

That therefore we are for Disarmament, and that we are for the League: for supporting it, for strengthening it, for asserting its authority, for increasing its power, until it is a real “Federation of Mankind,” guarding the peace and keeping the law over the whole earth.

And that we will never again join an alliance, never again seek to make ourselves “attractive as allies.”

We are through with gangs and with gangsterdom.

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J. H. Bennett

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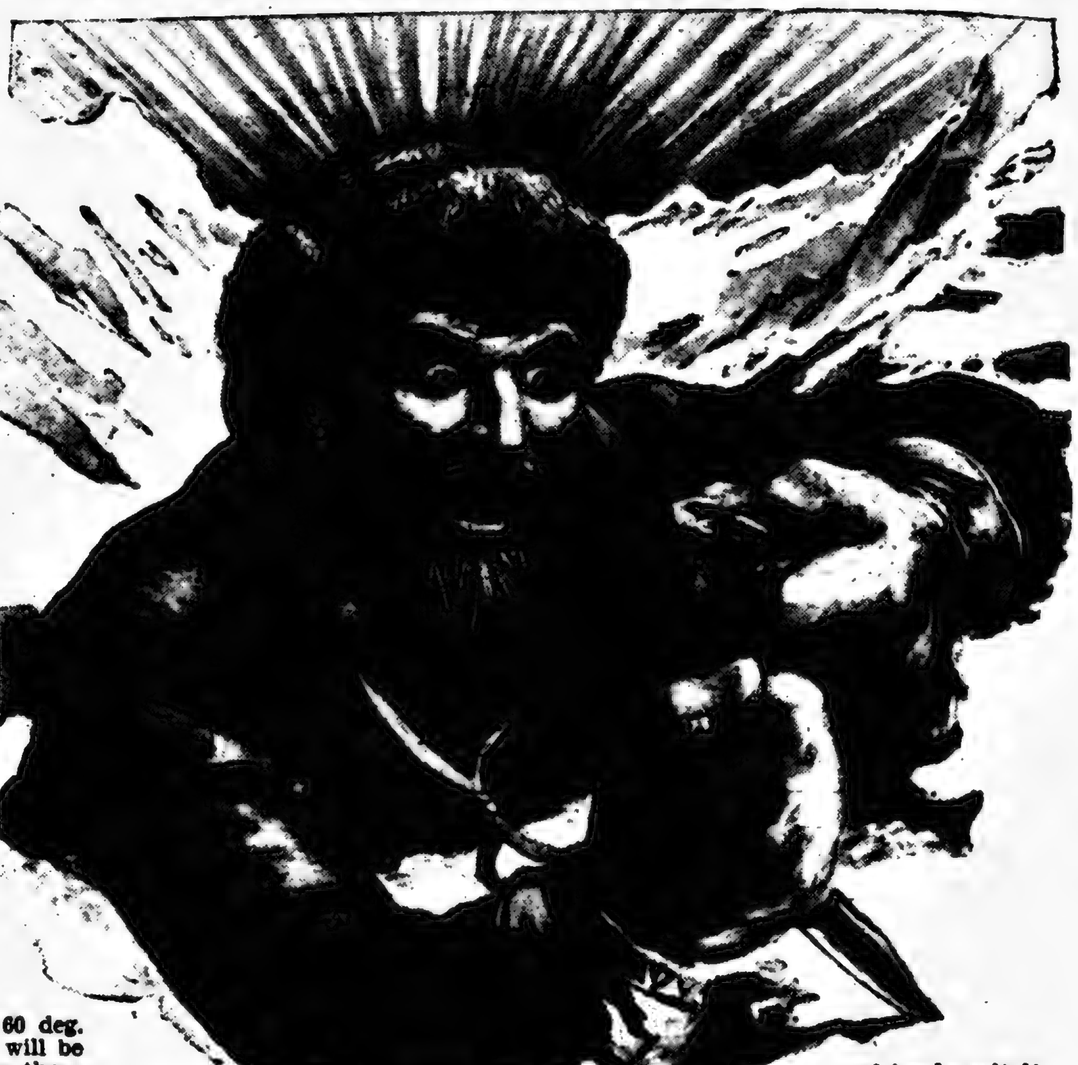


"I found myself able to chip off specimens with a knife"

GOLD—Found and Lost!

IF there's any young man in the world to-day willing to suffer hardship and discomfort in order to win himself a fortune, let him go as fur trapper into those lonely lands beyond the Arctic Circle.

The fact that the Hudson Bay Company is already finding difficulty in getting fresh blood for its posts lends point to my belief that courage is a vanishing characteristic of youth. But if there is any young man venturesome enough to accept my challenge, let him build his post in Northern Alaska, north of Porcupine River and west of Akhtvik, in my old territory.

And the best of luck to him, for somewhere there are riches beyond the dreaming.

He will have to work mighty hard. He may have to pass months, perhaps years, without seeing a soul save an occasional Eskimo. He'll have to become accustomed to living in an igloo at 60 deg. below zero—even then the igloo will be the warmest form of habitation in those parts.

At times his breath will freeze into his beard—you have to grow one for the mere sake of warmth—and his beard will freeze in turn to his fur hood, making a solid mass that renders action imperative.

Then perhaps he will have to do as I did and pull his beard off bodily, with pieces of flesh adhering to the roots. Compared with this, the blistering of his fingers on the *cold* of his Primus stove will be nothing.

That's what it is to be a fur trader. I used sometimes to be out of touch with things for seven years at a stretch, handling no money or newspapers, going three years without receiving a single letter.

You're away in the wilderness for an eternity, and when you come back to civilisation for a six months' holiday, the world has changed. Fashions are strange, to say nothing of the manners and customs and places and people.

But there's money in the game—that's the compensation. Furs have always fetched high prices in the markets of the world. Travelling about for the Hudson Bay Company, fur trading and trapping, you may build up a large fortune—and then settle down early to happiness and comfort.

AND, as I've indicated, my successor or *his* successor may do more—may indeed have the luck of a lifetime.

Somewhere in those bleak, snowy hills is a gold mine awaiting a finder!

It was a Christmas present to me from Dame Fortune, but unfortunately I mislaid it. Oh, I hunted long enough afterwards, Perhaps it was because I had hunted long enough that I returned home. Some things are more precious than gold. Yet perhaps one day I'll go out there again. . . .

It was December, 1915. I remember the year so well because at that time I'd had a full eighteen months of unalloyed trapping, and I was feeling the need of company. So I determined to go down through the icy hills to the Henson Pass Settlement.

To this day I remember how gladly I heard the noise of the Eskimos gathered about the post as my sleigh slid along the trail. They were all in the throes of their midwinter madness, singing, dancing, and engaged in other pastimes not so innocent.

With my ears deafened by the pandemonium, I went over to the shack of the one white man there, an old-timer we will call Macdonald. I don't mind adding that at my first sight of him I thought, "Hey, you must have broken the colour bar!" For there he was, seemingly as mad as the Eskimos, practising sharp shooting, and, on seeing my arrival, he ran towards me like a hare.

"Heard the news?" he blurted out. "England went to war last year. All Europe too. It's just arrived in the mail!"

So that was it! Well, Mac was a hospitable man, and after a meal of raw meat and fish—frozen, both are excellent preventatives against scurvy and taste like frozen apple—he produced a long-hoarded bottle of rum. Alcohol always produces strange reactions in the Arctic, but Christmas Eve is Christmas Eve, particularly when the world is at war.

What with talking over the news, we must have become excited and we could not have noticed the tots that went down. Neither did we notice the passage of time, for, in the winter, the Arctic sun circles the sky without ever going down.

Accordingly, I left Macdonald on Christmas morning to return to my post, feeling that nothing untoward could ever happen under such circumstances.

I HAD a run of about 150 miles before me, but this means no more to an experienced Circle traveller than it does to a European motorist, and I started off, keeping my general direction by a cold head wind.

For three or four hours I went singing past the snow drifts, and I later heard from Macdonald that my tracks had been decidedly erratic. I laughed at the sun and I laughed at the snow and I whooped to my dogs—until presently that other equally inevitable effect of the rum set in.

Intense drowsiness came over me, so that I could hardly keep upon my feet, and I lurched this way and that as the dogs pulled on their way.

Under the circumstances I should instantly have camped, but my fuddled mind was forgetful. The dogs continued forward, and presently I ceased to control them. I slipped over on to the sledge and slept, still being dragged onward.

NOW, husky dogs, far from being the faithful and intelligent creatures of fiction, are distinctly unreliable. Unless you watch them, they wander away from the trail and follow their own devices, going so far as to break away from the sledge if it is at all possible.

It was fortunate that they did not pull the traces from my hands, while I jogged along in my coma.

As it was, I came out of my torpor to find myself in unknown country. To judge by the sun, I had slept for many hours, and the dogs had wandered completely off their course into the ice-bound hills.

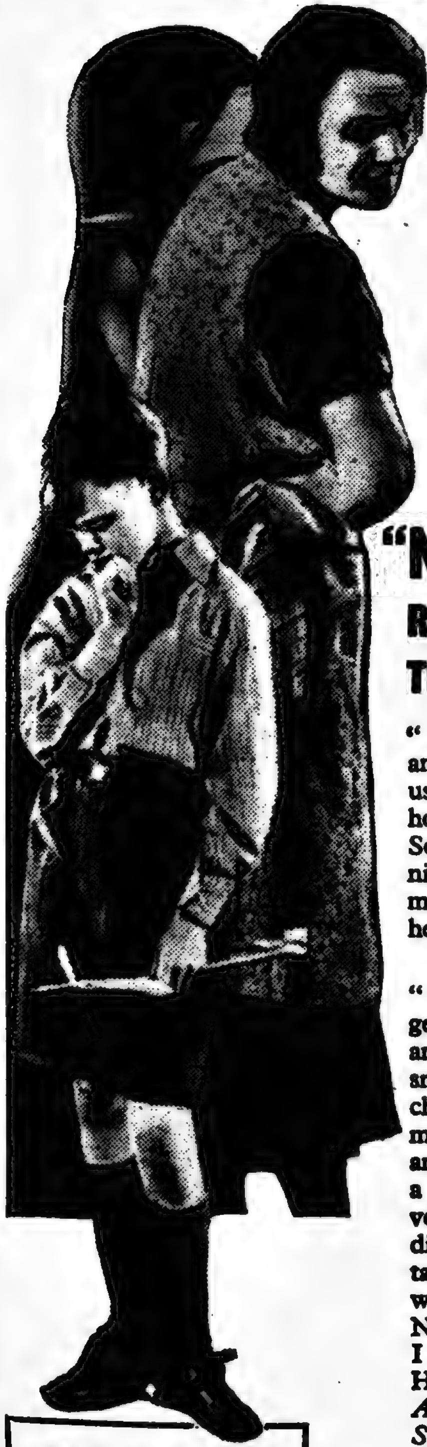
I tried to get some idea of my position from the sky, but that is not so easy when the sun never sinks towards the horizon.

Then I turned the dogs round and set back along my own tracks. Seeing the way they had brought me, it mystified me to know how they had done it. We scrambled through narrow gorges

(*Continued on page 26*)

"—no wonder I snapped at him—

I was so tired I could hardly stand—"



"NOW—I NEVER GET RUN DOWN, I'VE FOUND THE WAY OUT"

"My sister-in-law was ill last year, and her little girl came to stay with us. That made three children in the house. It did make my work heavier. So tired out by supper time every night, I could hardly stand. It gave me 'nerves.' Still it never entered my head I was run down.

HER HUSBAND WAS SENSIBLE

"Then one evening when I was getting supper David got in my way and I was so tired I couldn't help snapping at him. He's a sensitive child and the hurt look on his face made me sorry. I told my husband and the next day he came home with a bottle of Hall's Wine. From the very first day my 'nerves' felt quite different. My husband made me take it regularly, a 5/6 bottle every week, until all my tiredness had gone. Now I never get tired out like that, I found the way out — it's lovely Hall's Wine for me." *(Mrs.) C. A. Austin, 248 Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.*

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Watch your step!

You can't hope to look well, feel well, or do well unless you take steps to keep fit.

Breakfast plays an important part in keeping up health and strength, for that's the meal that starts you off for the day. Therefore, see that you make the *right* start with a good hot dish of nourishing Quaker Oats.

There's no natural food to equal the oat in health-promoting elements, and Quaker Oats, because it is milled from the world's finest oats, is therefore your best health assurance.

The natural creamy flavour of Quaker Oats appeals to everyone, and housewives everywhere appreciate its economy—now only 4d. and 8½d. per packet.

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Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker
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Heading the Eskimo Search

(Continued from page 24)

of ice and rock, slipped and slithered up and down high slopes, continually following back by the markings we had left.

But my luck was out. Before very long the sky assumed that indescribable blue haze that means a storm and the first flakes of an approaching blizzard swept us. It meant the tracks would be blotted out. It meant we should have to encamp immediately.

And, several hours later, after an interminable age of watching falling flakes and doing my best to clear away drifts from the rocky wall where we sheltered, I knew the worst. We were lost.

In the ordinary way, the only hope in such an emergency is to keep on moving. Not so very far away, however, was a distinct peak, and it seemed that if I could only get up to it, I might find in the surrounding view some clue to my whereabouts.

So I tethered the dogs by the stake that is always kept in the sledge for this purpose, and began to mount the slopes.

It was easy enough at first, but the appearance of hills is frequently deceptive—and this was the case now. After a time I found the task of mounting higher beyond me. There was no foothold, nothing, and the only thing to do was to edge round, hoping for better luck on the farther side.

It needed caution, especially when I began to cross the head of a ravine. But often, when a man is most cautious, danger is most close.

I judged I was about half-way on my journey when I slipped on the frozen snow and went rolling down a steep slope, bringing a small avalanche of snow in my wake.

Wildly, I tried everything to stop my progress down the slope and after what seemed like a full minute succeeded. There I sat on the slope, moving my arms to see if I remained sound in wind and limb.

At this part, as in many other places in the hills, the snow had slipped away, exposing the bare rock. And the whole ledge upon which I rested was seamed and streaked with veins of virgin gold.

I fluttered my eyes, for one effect of cold and weariness is that you see things which do not exist. There is no resemblance to the mirage of the desert here.

You simply see non-existent dogs, men, lights and dwellings in the snow, with nothing to account for them. Thus, fuddled as I still was to a certain extent, I stared at my find in frank unbelief.

Friendly Eskimos aided our reader on his fruitless search

It did not waver or disappear. I found myself able to chip off specimens with a knife. A maze of happy wonder filled my mind at the thought that all this meant swift and easy retirement. A few months of work, and then—England, home and beauty!

The next moment I realised that all the gold on earth would be useless if I were lost. I determined to resume my climb, ascertain my position if possible, then return to the seam and get several pounds on to the sledge before I left. The very next day, I promised myself, I would commence to stake my claim,

Reluctantly, I quitted the ledge and toiled my way back up the slope. I continued across the ravine, and, as I had anticipated, found beyond it a comparatively easy upward climb. I eventually found myself commanding an extensive view, and judged from the lay of the land that eastward would be the direction to take.

The climb downward proved more difficult than I had anticipated. I slipped and slithered several times and was well-nigh exhausted before I came to the ravine. It was because of this that I did not return to the gold seam as I had intended.

Looking down, I fancied I could see it gleaming redly in the sun that now once again ruled the sky. But I felt at my last gasp.

Supposing I descended to the ledge and found myself unable to climb up through sheer physical failure? Supposing I slipped again and went tumbling past the proper spot to I knew not what?

I reasoned with myself that once I got back to my post I could load the sledge with food enough for several days and return again and again.

You have to play for safety in the Arctic, and that fact made up my mind more than anything. Noting all the landmarks carefully, I returned to the dogs and went on my way.

There were, of course, no markings I could make beside the trail to show the road. The little food I had on the sledge could not be left, for fear lest I be several days in struggling back to my post.

Every now and then I stopped, memorising the scenery carefully. I wondered after a time whether I had not been subjected to an illusion, but three nuggets in my pocket told me otherwise.

Hour after hour we hurried on, steadily bearing eastward all the time, and at last I was rewarded. With a whoop I recognised the trail between my post and the Henson Pass Settlement, and here I made a cache of everything I could spare from the sledge to mark the point at which I had come out of the hills.

Straight to the west from here my mine would be found.

But it wasn't! I reached my post safely, made a satisfying meal of loon, and slept soundly. Directly I awoke I went out with my rifle to replenish the pot, and then, feeling more secure, set out again.

I discovered my cache and turned into the mountains. I went westward for about the time of my previous journey, trying to make certain of landmarks as I went. But I couldn't be sure. A snowfall had hidden my original tracks. . . .

And to this day the mine has not been found. Hidden under the snow, it still awaits the eyes of man. Perhaps one day the snows will melt or slip again, and it will see the light of day. Perhaps it is there gleaming as I write.

I don't know. All my attempts hitherto have failed. I enlisted the aid of Macdonald and the Eskimos, and we combed the district systematically, as Dartmoor warders might comb the moors for a convict. I have spent days, clambering up and down, searching for the lost ravine.

Without success. . . .

NEXT WEEK—*A reader recalls Armistice Day memories of a peace-time encounter with a man he nearly killed in the war*

Race with "Silver Ring"

AINTREE

The programmes under Jockey Club and National Hunt Rules at Liverpool next week feature the Autumn Cup and the Grand Sefton Steeplechase.

We may see the Grand National winner in the big event over fences. Brienz, who was third to Trigo and Walter Gay in the Derby of 1929, has top weight.

Beeby has done wonderfully well with this well-bred performer, a brown gelding by Blink—Blue Lake.

Mr. J. H. Whitney, Easter Hero's owner, has Thomond II. and Lone Eagle II. engaged, and I think the trio I have mentioned will supply the winner. Lone Eagle II. may be successful in bringing home the bacon to Jack Anthony's stable at Letcombe Regis.

Versicle, who gave the "Cambridgeshire" a miss, may win the Cup for the House of Stanley. She is a very useful filly.

Campanula and Pelago may come up for us at Hurst Park this week-end.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 2, to Wednesday, November 8.

A	Q	C	93	B	94	M	P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O
K	H	J	I	95	E	D	V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

A Sea of Trouble

Ernest

Troubles have not come in single file to twelve-year-old Ernest's dad, who still suffers from wounds received in the war, for which he gets no pension.

With a little money he had saved, supplemented by the British Legion, he gave up insurable employment to start a business. This failed, and he not only lost all his money, but incurred debt, off which he has to pay 2s. 6d. a week on one and 2s. 6d. a month on another.

These debts hang like millstones round his neck, as he earns only 36s. a week, on which to maintain himself, wife and four children, Ernest being the eldest and a baby girl the youngest.

Before his present job came along, Ernest's dad was for thirteen weeks without means, with the result that he could not pay his rent, and the family was turned out and moved into unfurnished rooms at 10s. a week.

"When," he says, "I have paid rent, clubs, coal and payments on cycle I go to work on, it leaves us with 15s. to live on. My wife and I are quickly coming to a breakdown in health through the worry of what to get for the four children, and pestered for payments to creditors.

"I am not strong enough for this work: I shall never be fit again, and I am losing my brain through these months of poverty and worry. I had to go to my brother yesterday to beg for a shirt to wear."

During these hard times, Ernest had to undergo an operation on his foot.

How much we can relieve Ernest's dad depends on our readers sending donations earmarked "Ernest." These, and subscriptions to the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

YOU *CAN'T* GIVE YOUR DOG ALL THE EXERCISE HE NEEDS

BUT YOU CAN KEEP HIM FIT WITH BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

WHEN one rainy day robs your dog of his exercise you can't put him right by giving him a longer spell of exercise the following day. The important thing is not the *amount* of exercise your dog gets, but the *regularity* of it.

Dogs lose condition almost suddenly because their blood can become impure in a few hours. This is because they have no pores in their skin to carry away blood impurities.

When your dog misses his run.

When bad weather keeps your dog indoors, the impurities caused by rich winter foods accumulate in his blood and quickly infect his whole system, making his liver sluggish and his stomach sour. Then he becomes listless or sulky, begins to scratch himself or shed his coat on cushions and carpets.

But when you realise how *easy* it is to keep dogs *always* fit, you will never allow loss of exercise to make *your* dog suffer another day's illness. All you need do to keep him perfectly healthy and free from these troublesome blood disorders is to provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which keep the blood fresh and pure, and in this way prevent (and quickly cure) all disorders due to poor blood condition, such as *listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, dull or loose coat, continual scratching, eczema and swellings between the toes.*

But remember—*regularity* in conditioning is important, as this letter shows: "Since I have been giving my dog Bob Martin's Condition Powders regularly he has become a happy, healthy dog, and now his coat is so glossy and attractive that people are continually asking me how I make him look so beautiful."—Mrs. A. Fayers, 90, Summerville Street, Lee, S.E.12.

Regular conditioning—the only way.

The correct way to keep your dog fit is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders three times a day for two successive days each week. Whatever methods you have used in the past, follow this plan from now on. By his cheerfulness, jaunty bearing and alert manner, your dog will show you how much better he feels when you condition him in this way. And his coat will take on that lovely, lustrous "bloom" which distinguishes the well-conditioned dog and is the surest sign of perfect health.

Condition your dog TO-DAY.

FREE SAMPLE PACKET. A free sample packet of Bob Martin's Condition Powders (full 6d. size) may be had on application, stating breed and age of dog, to Bob Martin Ltd., 43, Union Street, Southport.

1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from chemists, dog biscuit shops and big stores.

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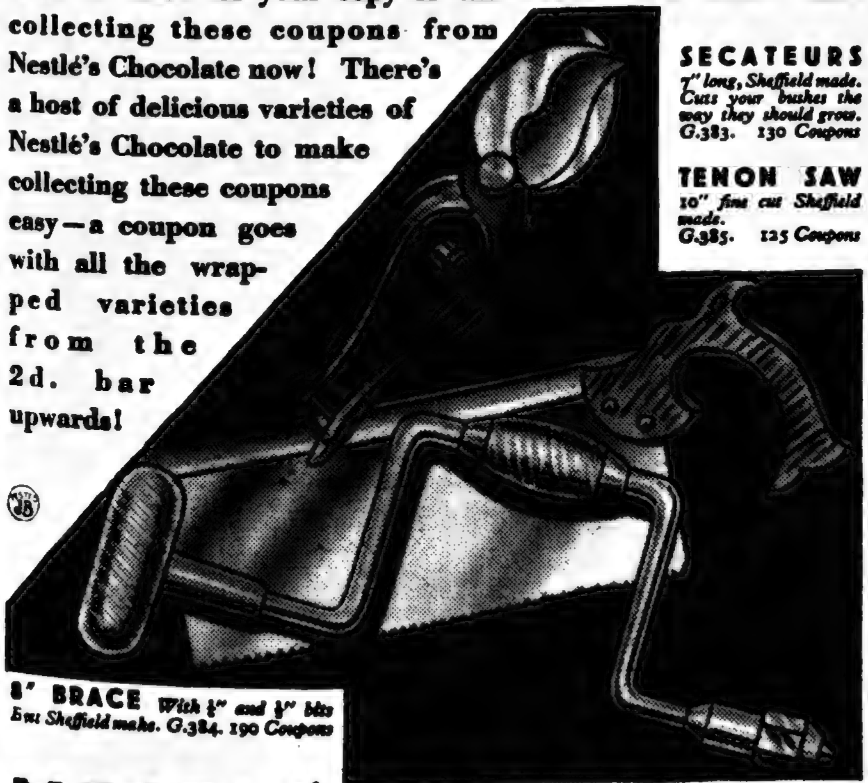
Take a look at the good things Nestlé's have in store for you! Everything for everybody — hundreds of downright valuable gifts. Send at once for your copy of the Nestlé's Gift Book — start collecting these coupons from Nestlé's Chocolate now! There's a host of delicious varieties of Nestlé's Chocolate to make collecting these coupons easy — a coupon goes with all the wrapped varieties from the 2d. bar upwards!



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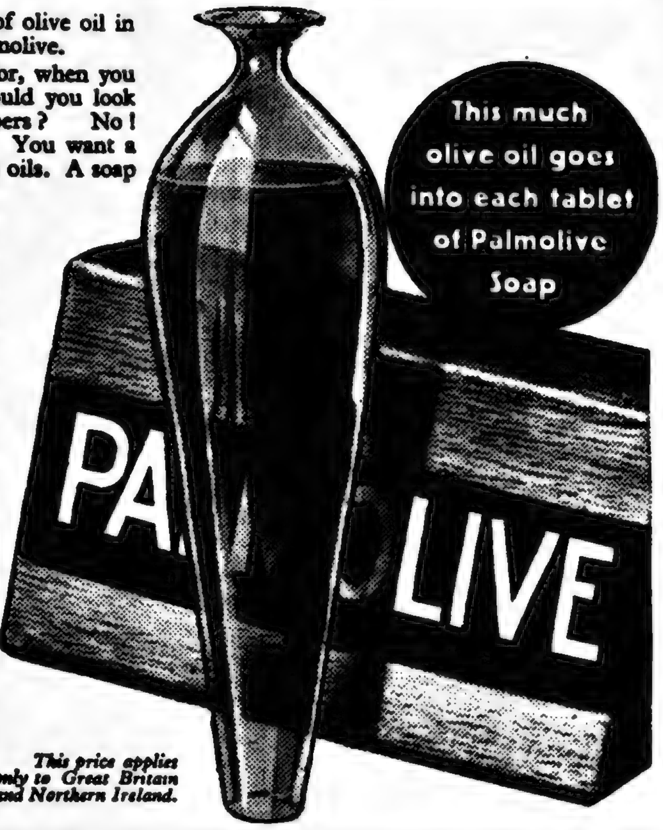
wash with a soap containing Olive Oil"

She knows the value of olive oil in soap so she uses Palmolive.

What do *you* look for, when you buy soap? What should you look for? Fancy wrappers? No! Fancy odours? No! You want a soap of olive and palm oils. A soap without any artificial colouring; without strong, masking perfumes. A soap advised by more than 20,000 beauty experts because of its olive oil beauty results. You want Palmolive!

Wash with Palmolive and warm water; rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Dry with a soft towel.

Do that, morning and evening, if you want to keep youth in your skin!



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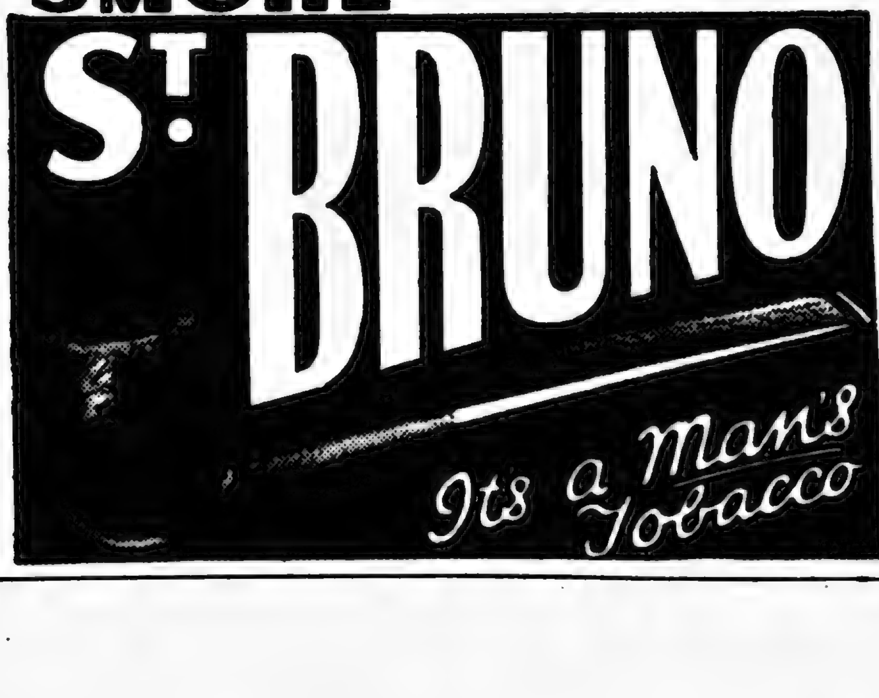

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LADY ASHLEY—*young and very lovely wife of Lord Ashley, heir to the Earl of Shaftesbury—gives scrupulous care to her complexion, keeps it always dewy fresh . . .*

THIS is the simple home method of Pond's Beauty Care with which Lady Ashley keeps her skin exquisite:

Spread Pond's Cold Cream generously over face and neck. Wait a few minutes until the soft soothing oils have floated the dirt to the surface, then wipe with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. Next pat on Pond's Skin Freshener to close the pores and give the skin a fresh look.

Pond's Vanishing Cream contains ingredients specially chosen to keep the skin soft. Apply it over the face and neck. It heals roughness. Soothes away little lines and wrinkles. Keeps the pores fine. Just one application softens a dry skin. This is the reason why women like Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base. It gives your skin such a soft, flower-petal texture that powder clings for hours.

Guide your skin to beauty with

POND'S CREAMS

In the PRISON called LONELINESS . .

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Probed by

PHILIP INMAN

In the midst of London's millions "it is a cruel feeling to think that you are not wanted by a soul"

LIFE is full of strange paradoxes. There are people in the world who have too many friends—there are others who have none at all. And both these classes present a problem.

The latter feel it keenly because no one seems to want them, and a good many of the former write to tell me that they would give anything to be able to get away from their surroundings—relations and friends always seem to be on the top of them.

Honestly, I don't know which is worse—to have so many friends that you can't call your life your own, or to have no friends at all. I almost think the lonely ones have it, and for this week I will deal with some of their problems.

My first letter comes from a young man who came from America a year ago. He says:

"London is crowded with people like bees in a hive, but in the year that I have been here I have failed to find a congenial companion. Is there no place where a young man desiring wholesome companionship may go?

"Not so long ago I attended a young people's service, only to find that those present about my own age (I am twenty-six) seemed to be all of one clique and the minister was the only one broad-minded enough to notice me.

"And what do I find at the Y.M.C.A.s? Simply this: A fellow must be a formal member before he is even permitted the use of the lounge.

"It is a cruel feeling to think that you are not wanted by a soul. I long for a pal of about my age, someone with similar tastes, with whom I could arrange outings and the like. I would deeply appreciate any advice you can give me."

I should have thought that the American Consul would have helped a young fellow in his position. Surely there must be a large American colony in a place like London, the members of which would be only too happy to welcome someone from their own country. But there must be many others who are placed similarly to my correspondent. And I will write for them as well as for him.

I DON'T know whether his criticism of the Y.M.C.A. movement is justified or not, but I believe, in any case, that the membership fee is very moderate and, as this young man seems to be making a prolonged stay in this country, it should not be difficult for him to join.

Then, he talks about a young people's service he attended at some church. Let me remind him that it *was* a service and not a social gathering. Did he have a chat with that minister? Did he explain to him that he was lonely and would welcome companionship? After all, if you want to find a friend, you must go half-way on the road to meet him.

There are countless clubs, societies and other organisations in London for those who are away from home. Among them are the Overseas Club in St. James's Place; and the Youth Hostels, the headquarters of which is Youth House, Camden Road, N.W. Then there are evening institutes, rambling clubs, courses of lectures and so on.

Surely in one of these ways my correspondent could find some outlet for his desires, and he would be almost certain to find a friend of similar tastes in this way.

My second problem comes from a man of twenty-nine, who is also a "lonely person in a big city" (Liverpool), but whose position is different from that of my first correspondent. This man had been happily married for seven years when his wife died suddenly. It was a tremendous shock to him—when she went he felt he had lost his all. He has no parents or relations and even his father-in-law, to whom he was very attached, has since died also. His letter continues:

"My job, my prospects and our little home counted for nothing. I stuck it for a bit and then went to live in lodgings. But I am not cut out for that kind of existence and it is no consolation to me that I have now got a better position than I had before. My mates tell me I ought to go out more—but I don't feel like it. I often study or do light reading or even play a game of chess with myself. I feel that life is terribly empty.

"A few weeks ago I went to ask the vicar of the church (Canon ——) for his advice. He told me I ought to marry again. But at first I greatly resented his suggestion. Now I have come to look at it in another light. But where am I to find a woman good enough to fill my dear wife's place? I could give her a good home and her companionship might lift me out of myself. What ought I to do?"

I like the sound of this young man. I feel very strongly that his only hope of happiness is in building up another home. Some men can be quite content in lodgings, but for a home-loving man that is no sort of life at all.

That clergyman, in my judgment, is therefore right. At first, it must seem little short of sacrilege even to think of putting somebody else in his wife's place. But I am sure she would wish only for his happiness. It has been said that it is a compliment to a first wife when a man wants to marry again.

I think those mates of his are right. He must make an effort to go out more. I have already indicated to my first correspondent the various channels that exist for meeting people. I believe that in one of these this man also will meet someone who will fulfil all his ideals.

He might ask his clergyman, too. He has suggested remarriage as a solution and he may be willing to help him to attain that end. There are many girls, home-loving and affectionate, who would, I feel sure, prove worthy partners. I hope he may soon be lucky enough to find one.

THE next letter comes from a woman of thirty-three, who says:

"My husband and I have been married for nine years, and during this time we have been so happy that the years seem more like days." The only trouble she has had is that she lost her only baby at birth two years ago.

"This nearly broke my heart," she goes on, "and as time passes I begin to think I should like to adopt a child. My husband, however, opposes the idea. He says that if we adopt a baby born out of wedlock we might find later on that it had inherited loose morals from its parents. Again, it is possible that I might yet have another child, and, if this happened, there might be a danger of my losing my affection for the adopted one.

"I live a very lonely life. I love my home and don't very often 'gad about,' and this means that, particularly during the winter, when my husband takes on extra teaching work, I am often by myself till eleven o'clock at night. I should be so grateful if you, who touch life at so many different points, would tell me what you really think about my problem."

Her husband's fear that any child born out of wedlock might develop bad tendencies is not unreasonable. But the same is true of one's own children.

Take the cases in the police courts. It is often found that rogues and thieves and thorough scoundrels come from the best possible homes. And I have many evidences in my possession of adopted children who have grown up to be a comfort and a blessing to their foster-parents.

WITH regard to the danger that affection for an adopted child would fade away if my correspondent had a baby of her own, I can only say this: A friend of mine, a well-known doctor, adopted a baby girl two years ago. A year afterwards his wife had a baby of her own.

The Adoption Society, on hearing this, wrote to this man and said it would be willing to take the child back again. The doctor sent this emphatic reply: "Not a bit of it. We wouldn't part with her for all the money in the Mint!" When a little baby steals its way into a heart and into a home it forges links that are very difficult to break.

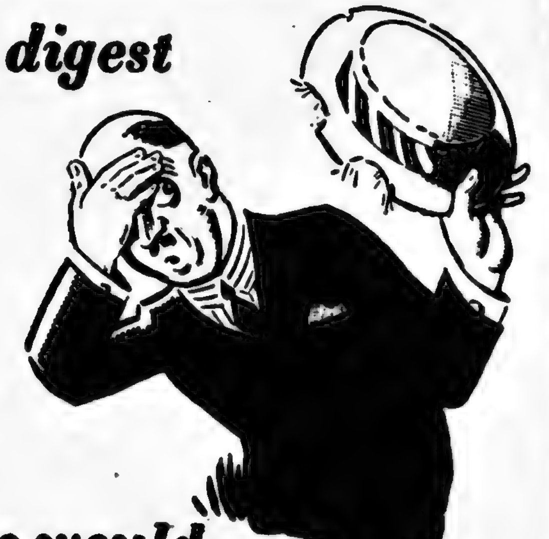
The other week I went to see some of these children who, through no fault of their own, are looking for new mothers and new fathers. There was a little baby girl called Doris, with fair hair and blue eyes and dimples in her cheeks. There were two boys, twins born last March, waiting to bring happiness into some empty home.

I would whisper one tiny word to my correspondent—let her take her husband to one of these homes, and let him see for himself. If, in spite of that visit, he still retains his objections, then I think it would be folly for her to fight against them. After all, her happy married life counts for a great deal and it is worth preserving.

In that event, question No. 1 remains. Her loneliness might be relieved by taking an interest in social or infant-welfare work, or by joining a hospital committee. Service for others is the greatest appeaser of heart hunger I know. There is no finer tonic for life's sickness than ministering to those who are worse off than ourselves.

Philip Inman is JOHN BULL's "Humanist." He wants to help you solve the problem which is causing you anxiety. Address your letters to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope for his reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Can you digest this?



He said he would 'eat his hat'

He might have succeeded if he had taken Mustard with it.

It is very rash to eat anything indigestible without Mustard. Its sharp, pleasant tang brings out the flavour and makes rich foods much more tasty and easier to digest.

it's nicer with Mustard

—Colman's Mustard

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snap!
crackle!
pop!

He *has* *a growing* APPETITE

And how he likes his bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Bubbles of rice that actually crackle out loud in cold milk or cream.

One of the *best* cereals for children and grown-ups too. Nourishing rice in easy-to-digest form. Always oven-fresh. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green packet.

Kellogg's
RICE
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crackles in cream

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818

Tennis on the Rectory lawn . . . a quaint old English custom. Milk Chocolate was introduced about this time.

The greatest change in chocolate since the nineties

EXTRA-CREAM

Milk Chocolate by Rowntree's

Genteel tennis has gone, and with it the leg-o'-mutton sleeves and lollipops of the nineties. Milk Chocolate was the strange "new sweetmeat" of those far-off days when "hansom cabs stole swiftly down upon the unwary." Forty years have gone and little has changed in chocolate. Now comes ★EXTRA CREAM. Rowntree's have made it. It is smooth as the very cream from which it's made and more nourishing than milk chocolate ever was before. Sold in big 2d. bars and blocks and also larger ¼ and ½-lb. net-weight sizes.

★This new chocolate, made with British full-cream milk, has had Extra-Cream added. It was this nourishing ingredient that finally gave it a definite preference in a recent national tasting test.

ROWNTREE'S
EXTRA CREAM
2d

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"This is WONDERFUL NEWS!"

Say the Housewives

Enthusiastic reception of great food discovery among women everywhere....

It was found by scientists in a London hospital that Rowntree's Cocoa is not only easily digested, it is so digestible that it helps you to digest your other food better.

Start your family on Rowntree's Cocoa! Make a fortnight's trial and see the benefit. Trial size 3d. 30 cupfuls from a ¼-lb. tin, 5½d., with 3 free gift coupons, ½-lb. tin, price 10d., with 6 coupons. Send to Rowntree & Co. Ltd., Dept. J.B.15, York, for free gift booklet.

"NOTHING TO EQUAL IT"

says Mrs. BIRD, 24 St. Quintin Avenue, N. Kensington, London, W.10

"Apart from the pleasant flavour of Rowntree's Cocoa, it's a food as well. And such a nourishing, easily digested food! There's nothing to equal it as a night-cap, I find. Of course, it's excellent for children — keeps their digestion in order."

"HE FAIRLY THRIVES ON IT!"

says Mrs. SHEPPARD, 60 Third Avenue, Queen's Park, W.10

"When my boy was poorly because of his weak digestion I determined to put him on to Rowntree's Cocoa. He's a fine strapping boy now, with no sign of the digestive trouble. I'd never dream of letting him miss his cocoa at supper-time — he fairly thrives on it!"

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

ROWNTREE'S
ELECT
COCOA

actually helps digestion

CO4-142

The PERIL at the Dinner Table

WHEN the Minister of Health announced that the departmental committee of enquiry into food adulteration had been called together again after the lapse of two years, no explanation was given.

Few newspapers even thought it important enough to devote more than a few lines to the fact at the foot of a page.

Yet behind the brief official announcement is the story of a grave and growing scandal which the best brains of Harley Street have been fighting for years—the chemical contamination of our food supplies by certain unscrupulous manufacturers, who have found a short cut to quick profits through the scientific laboratory.

It is possible to-day to buy "raspberry jam" which is concocted of vegetable pulp, certain fatty acids for flavouring, red dye and wooden "pips" specially manufactured for the purpose.

A butcher may sell you "pork sausages" containing 50 per cent. of bread, a proportion of beef and a liberal addition of colouring matter and strong condiments to camouflage the flavour.

The Government has practically no control over these dangerous frauds, in spite of the fact that ever since 1875 there has been a clause in all our Food Acts that rules that "no person shall sell to the prejudice of the purchaser any article of food which is not of the nature, or not of the substance, or not of the quality demanded by the purchaser."

This is because there is no legal definition of "jam," of "sausages," of "bread," or a great many other staple articles of food.

It is high time these definitions were established.

He enjoys it—but is it wholesome?

Ineffective laws

During the past decade, doctors have been appalled at the extraordinary increase in digestive troubles which seems to have attacked every class of the community.

By careful enquiry, they found good cause to link these two facts together as "cause and effect," and they set about impressing their beliefs on the Government.

In May, 1931, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister of Health in the Labour Government, set up a committee of enquiry to investigate these charges, under the chairmanship of Sir Frederick James Willis.

After a very few months, however, the National Government, which followed the Labour Administration, disbanded the committee "for reasons of economy"—and more and more manufacturers of inferior foods succumbed to the lure of cheap chemical substitutes, under the protection of our broad but ineffective laws.

The doctors suspected that a stronger, and more effective, force than "reasons of economy" had persuaded the Government to drop the enquiry, so they redoubled their efforts.

More indigestion

Medical men of the highest professional standing took up the matter personally with the Cabinet Ministers concerned.

They put forward facts about the chemical camouflage of foodstuffs and figures illustrating the grave increase in digestive complaints, with tireless persistence, until the Government gave in.

The committee of enquiry was called together again under revised terms of reference:

"To consider whether it is desirable that the law relating to the composition and description of articles of food should be altered so as to enable definitions or standards to be prescribed, or declarations of composition to be required for articles of food other than liquid milk, and if so recommend what alterations of the law are required."

A committee of enquiry is an old Parliamentary trick for shelving an awkward question; but in this case the medical profession is watching the procedure with keen interest.

Experts must be called together, doctors say, to define the limits of purity in foodstuffs without delay.

A pork sausage must be made of pork, with only a small clearly defined amount of bread introduced to make it friable.

Jam must be a confection of fruit and sugar—nothing else—and fish-paste must be made of fish. The maximum amount of water in butter, they say, should be laid down in law.

Human test-tubes

Clear definitions of purity, allied to the general clause quoted above from the Food Acts, would give the Government complete control over those unscrupulous manufacturers whose chemists juggle with cheap substitutes and chemicals, and label their products "genuine."

At present, the industrial chemist, if he wishes, is allowed to use the human digestive system as a giant test-tube into which chemicals can be poured from every bottle on the shelf.

So long as this goes on, the danger of insidious food poisoning is ever present. To prevent it, these unscrupulous manufacturers must be brought to book.

The manufacturers of "cheap and nasty" foodstuffs are the main offenders, of course. Reputable firms are always more careful to deserve the respect they have earned.

Moreover, widely known products upon which large sums of money are spent to obtain goodwill are most likely to be of consistently good quality.

But bread—especially most white bread—is in a class by itself, and the committee of enquiry must make it one of their earliest subjects for investigation.

For there is good reason to believe that the average loaf of white bread is not always as pure as it might be, owing to the introduction of chemicals. Both the Government and the public are equally to blame.

First, the Government insists that a 2-lb. loaf should weigh exactly 2 lb., however new or stale it be. In addition, it has fixed, in conjunction with the bakers, a sliding-scale system of fixing the price of bread according to the market price of flour.

Secondly, the public demands white bread, dazzlingly white bread, under the impression that "white stands for purity."

These facts encourage the miller to use chemicals to achieve the results required by the Government and by the public.

Dirty, diseased, sprouting or inferior foreign grain can often be milled up nowadays into a fine-looking flour of gleaming whiteness—with the aid of chlorine and other chemical bleaching agents.

This satisfies the public; but to meet the Government's demands "chemical improvers" can be introduced into the flour to make the loaf retain its moisture and so retain its weight, and to promote a spongy centre and a smooth brown crust.

What these "chemical improvers" consist of no one outside the trade knows.

Doctors are kept ignorant, and the Government does not bother. The trade secrets are rigorously kept.

Yet bread is the staple article of diet in hundreds of thousands of homes, especially where the housekeeping purse is at the mercy of the Unemployment Means Test.

Act at once!

What *are* people eating? The committee of enquiry must put its new lease of life into quick effect. Food must be made pure *by law*, and the bleachers and "chemical improvers" now so freely used in flour must be approved by the Government, or not used at all.

Another product which calls for stern control is the liquid eggs which are imported from China.

At present 822,000 cwt. of liquid and other preserved eggs to the value of £3,000,000 are imported into this country every year.

But no standard of hygiene or purity is laid down; no control over the methods of preserving is exerted. The eggs may or may not be intended for human consumption; they may or may not be infected with disease germs.

The stuff comes freely into this country and is bought by pastrycooks, food manufacturers and makers of industrial products. The Government does not mind.

Strange eggs . .

The United States, where strict food laws have been in force since 1904, have banned Chinese liquid eggs which are contaminated with sugar, because American scientists have been unable to make up their minds *why* sugar should be introduced into liquid eggs.

They thought there was something too strange about it. Now, whether there is or there is not, the whole output from China of these sugared eggs comes into this country.

We take what America refuses, and ask no questions.

The public must back up the doctors in their fight for pure foodstuffs; the committee must decide on its course of action and strongly urge the Government to adopt it.

Only the most stringent laws will keep in check those who are tampering with the nation's food and health.

VALOR HEATERS MEAN
A MILDER WINTER
IN EVERY
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With the Valor Heater you have instant, cosy warmth in any part of the house, without the trouble and cost of extra fires. No smoke, no smell, costs no more than a penny an hour when in use. British-made from the best materials only. Avoid foreign heaters with their heavy import duty.

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Makes the villain bite the dust,
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GIVE YOUR HOME THE
MANSION
FILM OF BRIGHTNESS

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DOCKING a LINER in a Zepp Raid

A 12,000-TON liner half in and half out of a lock at the Albert Docks. Suddenly Woolwich Arsenal signals an air raid, and then we hear the bombs dropping—not exactly on top of us, but too near to be comfortable!

That was the beginning for me of the "greatest hour" I have known in all the forty years I have been piloting ships on the Thames.

You see, I was the pilot on that ship—for the moment entirely responsible for her safety. To get her inside the lock without mishap was the most exciting and thrilling experience I have ever had. And I have had a few.

It happened on September 23, 1916. I was piloting the *Ruapehu*, a New Zealand liner, and I had taken her over at Gravesend about 9 o'clock on a clear, calm, but dark night.

The funny part of it was that all the way up the river the captain had been talking about air raids. To judge from his conversation he didn't believe they could possibly be as bad as reports made out. He even seemed eager to see one.

Lights out!

It's only fifteen miles from Gravesend to the Albert Docks. But with a 12,000-ton vessel it is slow going, because of the shallowness of the river. And naturally one always has to be more careful at night.

It was just on midnight when I brought the *Ruapehu* up to the docks, and I was beginning to think that the captain would be disappointed about his air raid—for that night at least.

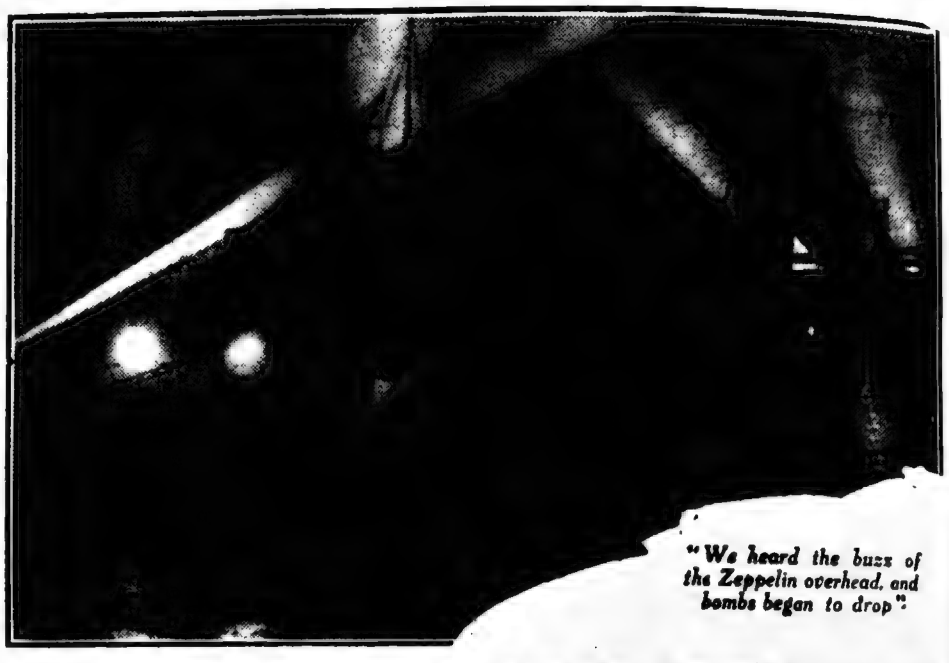
We were on the bridge—the captain, the third mate, the man at the wheel, and myself. I was manœuvring the liner into the lock, as I thought, nicely. She was about half-way in when we heard the signal from Woolwich Arsenal.

Immediately all lights went out at the Arsenal, and every light along the river followed suit. The ship, of course, had to be plunged into darkness instantly, and all lights went out on the dock.

Had we not already begun to enter the lock the dockmaster would probably have ordered us to wait out there in the river until the raid was over, and the men who were working to bring the *Ruapehu* in would have run for safety. As it was she could not very well be left half in and half out of the lock.

In the sudden darkness I waited to know what we were to do. But in less than a minute two blasts from the dockmaster's whistle told me to "go ahead."

Within two or three minutes of the signal we heard the buzz of the Zeppelin overhead, and bombs began to drop. I don't know whether they were trying to damage the docks. Anyway, nothing hit us. But we could hear bombs dropping in Beston Road, not 100 yards away, and in Beresford Square, just across the river.



"We heard the buzz of the Zeppelin overhead, and bombs began to drop".

A Greatest Hour

told to "John Bull" by

W. T. ALLEN,

The Senior Pilot of the Thames

There were no passengers on board, of course. They had been disembarked at Tilbury earlier in the day. There was only the crew. They were New Zealand men and had never seen an air raid before. Yet some of them didn't show any fear at all. They stayed up on deck to watch "the fun."

But it was no "fun" for me. I was responsible for this liner—an insulated ship, loaded with perishable foodstuffs, meat, butter and dairy produce. It was a cargo far too valuable to be lost in the war days.

No panic

Getting a ship into the lock is a ticklish business at the best of times. To have to play around in the dark with a vessel of that size would have been a nerve-wracking experience if it were not that we seamen get accustomed to tight corners and we take them calmly.

There was no sign of panic among the men who were helping me. They took their orders as quietly and carried them out as efficiently as if we were working under the peaceful sky of a sunny June day. And yet we never knew from one minute to the next that death might not be dropped upon us from the sinister silver "cigar" that crossed and recrossed ominously above our heads.

And all the while the difficulties of my job had been trebled by the extinguishing of all lights.

For the sake of those who are not familiar with the dockside, I ought to explain that this particular lock is 540 feet long and 80 feet wide. And when I tell you that the *Ruapehu* was about 500 feet long and nearly 70 feet wide a little arithmetic will show you how much room there was for me to make mistakes.

A few feet too far one way or the other and the great vessel would crash against one or other of the two pierheads which sweep out in a curve into the river at the entrance to the lock. That would mean damage either to the ship or a pierhead, or to both.

It was pitch dark. But a pilot, through long years of experience, seems to acquire the talent of a cat for seeing in the dark. It becomes an instinct with you. I know the lock, too, as well as I know my own hand. It helped me a lot. I didn't guess my distances. I "felt" them.

Getting into the entrance the ship had the tide running against her broadside. The tug was at her stern pulling her very gently round one pierhead. That, too, was in complete darkness. Actually I could not see it, but somehow I had the sense of being able to see it outlined dimly.

The master of the tug could not see me at all. Two blasts of my pilot's whistle and he went ahead. Five or six short, sharp blasts and he stopped. He kept his nerve well. Every order that I gave he carried out precisely.

My orders to the second mate aft, and to the first mate for'ard, I was able to give by telephone. To the man at the wheel I gave the order "helm hard a-starboard." He had to keep the wheel over hard all the time as the ship came slowly round.

As she crept forward I saw, or imagined I could see dimly, like ghosts, the four men on the check rope on either side of her bow. These ropes are to steady the ship and keep her in the centre of the lock as she goes forward.

Quickly they would uncoil the check ropes from one bollard, run along and coil it on to the next one. Then the ship would move forward a few feet.

The concentration necessary for me to pilot the ship safely was a terrible strain.

Everybody did his bit very carefully, but with great alacrity. Nobody fancied being out with the bombs crashing round, as we could hear them. There was no need to urge them to "hurry up."

In about a quarter of an hour we were safely in the lock and the lock gates were closed behind us.

Just fifteen minutes

I didn't wait for any more. My part of the job was over and I was anxious to get home to Gravesend, where my eldest son and daughter, then only in their teens, were at home alone.

My route in the darkness lay back down the Thames in the same tugboat that had brought us up. As I went aboard I said to the master, "Do you think we'll get back?" "I think so," was all he said. And, luckily for us, we did.

No, I shall never forget the tense feeling of excitement in getting that liner safely into the lock. I count it my "greatest hour," not so much because it was a thrilling experience, but because, though it lasted only a quarter of an hour, when it was over successfully there came a tremendous feeling of triumph.

I felt it had been a great test of my skill as a pilot of the Thames River and that I had not failed.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader prize is awarded to first opened.

WELSH GAZETTE :—"They carried bouquets of purple ASHES of two shades."

CHESTER CHRONICLE :—"On Thursday morning there was a WHIST frost."

STAR :—"It was stated that he went to the riverside and sold BEAR to members of a party."

LIVERPOOL ECHO :—"He pleaded guilty to possessing HOUSEKEEPING implements."

EVENING DISPATCH :—"—— was charged with SEALING three pairs of women's silk stockings."

ROCHESTER, CHATHAM AND GILLINGHAM NEWS :—"They supplied the iron for the RAILWAY round St. Paul's Cathedral."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE :—"In these 376 houses the infantile MORALITY rate is 110."

DAILY DISPATCH :—"Since the occurrence, Dr. —— has examined Mr. ——'s PROMISES and found them absolutely free from infection."

LEICESTER MERCURY :—"A champion trumpeter and a SEA of false teeth will be the main exhibits."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST :—"Competent Lady Book-keeper and Typist, over 26 years; accustomed to BUST office."

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The MAN who CAN'T See Red!

Disasters on land—

and sea—

—and in the air are often the direct result of colour-blindness in operators

THE authorities have long viewed as a danger to the community "the man who sees red"—the man who resorts to brute force on the slightest provocation.

Now they are facing up to the even bigger problem of the man who *can't* see red. A far bigger danger he, because there are ten, twenty times more of his type than of the other.

The man who *can't* see red has a terrible record.

He has over-driven signals and plunged railway passengers to their death. He has sent great liners crashing into other vessels. He has caused mid-air collisions between aeroplanes, and piled up thousands of cars at cross-roads. He has probably been responsible for more carnage than any other type.

Yet to-day we are as ignorant of the causes of his affliction as we were a hundred years ago. And instead of taking precautions to protect life and limb against him, we are increasing the pitfalls that beset him.

It is good news indeed that we are thinking at last of doing something about our vast colour-blind population.

Four millions!

For think of the facts—four million people in this country alone suffering from defects in colour vision that might conceivably cause accidents, and at least a third of them so seriously afflicted that to attempt to rule them at all by colour signals is definitely to imperil them and the people around them.

What are the possibilities of tragedy surrounding the fact that there are so many people with abnormal vision? Well, a committee has been investigating the question on behalf of the Royal Navy, and its findings show that the danger is a bigger and more complicated one than anyone imagined.

We have known all along of those people who are always blind either to green or red, or unable to distinguish between those two colours. In the past such people as this have actually found their way to the look-outs of big ships and the footplates of railway trains.

If that were the only type of colour-blindness, things would not be so bad. We can detect that type of defect by simple optical tests. But the report of this committee shows that it is not.

There is another type—and it has actually found its way into the Royal Navy—that can distinguish a red light at one distance and not at another. What good in such cases as this is an optical test at a prescribed distance?

Lives at stake

Then there are people who can't really distinguish between colours at all. In reality they are blind to all colour, although they don't know it. They have grown up to distinguish between one hue and another by the degrees of brightness, and they honestly believe that this is what is meant by colour.

How many people of that kind must have found their way into jobs where the lives of people around them depended on their ability to distinguish between red and green!

Yet another type presents just as grave an element of danger. One day they may show a normal colour sense and the next an abnormality. Tiredness or fatigue may make their colour sense fade until eyes thoroughly well able in the ordinary way to tell differences between a danger signal and a safety one are not to be relied on.

In addition there are people with a latent colour sense. They distinguish form first and colour a second afterwards—a time-lag that might conceivably lead to disaster.

How proud we have been of some of our older tests for telling whether a man was colour-blind or not. With what confidence have our testing experts given him a "pass" and sent him to stand on the bridge of a liner, the footplate of an express engine, the cockpit of an air liner.

Catastrophe!

Yet see what we have learned now.

A man may spend years at sea, or on the railway, or anywhere else for that matter, and display not the slightest sign that he is a colour defective. Then, one day, a combination of circumstances may arise, a combination of such factors as distance, height, weather, angle and so on, that will absolutely deceive him.

A red light flashes out its warning to him, and he sees it as orange, white, anything except the imperative demand to stop that it is meant to be. In a second, when the particular combination of circumstances has changed, he sees it for what it is.

But that second of delay has made all the difference. His most herculean effort to remedy his mistake fails. And then . . .

Says this committee, speaking of colour-blindness generally: "Even when gross errors of judgment arise, fraught with grave risk to life and material, the possibility that a search for hidden insidious defects of vision in the personnel may reveal the true cause is never considered by the authorities."

We know that four times as many men as women suffer from colour-blindness, but we can't say why.

We believe it is hereditary—but we are not even sure of that.

What we do know is interesting, but not very helpful.

A colour-printing machine is able to print in all colours if it has rollers for printing in red, yellow, blue and black. The human eye can see in all colours if it can distinguish those same four colours.

Slow start

One person in every ten has one of its colour rollers printing imperfectly, so to speak. And one in four has one colour roller out of order altogether.

One doesn't have to understand the art of printing to see the significance of it. Not only is that one colour lost, but a whole range of other shades is affected as well.

The worst sufferers of all, from the point of view of public safety, are those who can distinguish all four colours and yet see none of them as the ordinary normal eye beholds them.

They are the people who would never admit they were colour-blind, who often scrape through the prescribed tests to become public dangers, who may fail to see red as red at a certain distance or in a certain set of circumstances, and yet at other times appear quite normal.

The dangers resulting from such widespread abnormality would be obvious even if there were no results in the shape of great shipping, railway and other disasters to point to them.

What are we doing about it?

The Services are doing a great deal, despite a slow start. The Navy in particular is going to regard correct colour vision as indispensable for all ratings, whatever their duties.

In optical science, too, the experts are still striving to solve the mysteries of colour-blindness, and to find a test that will allow no victims to pass through its mesh.

Not without reason has the British Medical Association urged on the Ministry of Transport recently that in view of the prevalence of colour-blindness signals involving the safety of human life should depend not on colour alone, but on form as well.

In many countries, for instance, the red signal is always shown in the form of a horizontal bar. Such a strip suggests a barrier and is an instantaneous "Stop!" signal even to the colour-blind man.

The caution is a yellow or white light in the shape of a lozenge, and the safety light a green in the form of a vertical bar, which suggests an open road so plainly that its message is clearly "Go on!"

A warning

In America such colour *and* form signals are even being adapted to traffic indicators.

What are we going to do about it? Not continue with our red, green and amber light signals of the same shape, surely, when a body such as the British Medical Association has issued a warning, and we have so many people totally unable to distinguish between red, green and amber?

If we do, the toll of accidents will make us all "see red," people with normal and abnormal vision alike.

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from a recent photo of Mr. J. Dyson.

says Mr. Dyson of Birmingham, who writes: "I have suffered with my stomach for the last five years without relief. It was like being in hell. I saw your advertisement and sent for a bottle of 'Bisurated Magnesia. It seemed to drown the pain. It is a marvellous cure for stomach troubles. I am a dead man come back to life as the hardest work does not hurt me now. I am cured thanks to 'Bisurated Magnesia."

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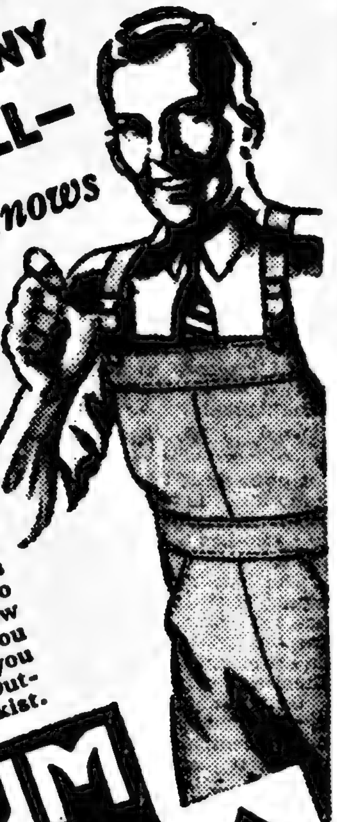

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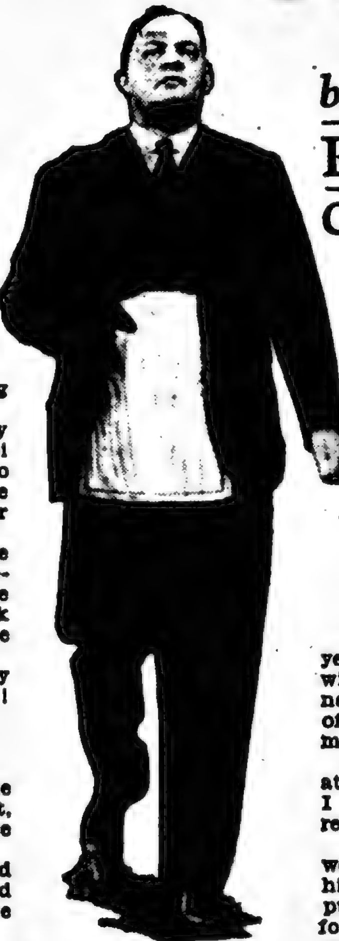
When I was Absent-Minded

by LETTER PARLIAMENT Contributors

THE wife not feeling well, I volunteered to wash up the dishes after our Sunday midday meal. I donned one of her small aprons for the purpose, and then departed for church.

Along the whole journey I remained oblivious of the fact that my little apron lay displayed across my ample person. I blush when I think of the sensation caused as I walked down the aisle.

Needless to say, the discovery of that small square of material upon my knee as I sat down deprived me of all interest in the service. — *J. Turvey, Birmingham.*



"*Walking down the aisle in a small apron*"

New Style

I once went into an important literary social gathering wearing goloshes with an evening dress.

The hall was so near my rooms that to order a taxi seemed ridiculous, but to protect my shoes from the damp ground I slipped over them a pair of goloshes.

Unfortunately, in the cloak-room, I forgot to remove them, and I entered the reception wearing black goloshes with a pale blue evening gown.

Imagine the effect, and my dismay when I discovered it! —*N. T., Streatham.*

Both Amused

I had been a long bike ride with my daughter on a hot, sunny day, and got my face scorched.

On my return I powdered it heavily with powder, and laid down on the sofa to have a short nap.

The front-door bell rang and woke me up, and without thinking I went and opened it.

I could not think what caused the amused expression on the man's face till I returned and saw my reflection in the mirror. Then I collapsed with laughter—I looked like a clown.—*E. Masters, Beds.*

Why They Laughed

I had to give a speech at a public dinner, and carefully wrote out what I intended to say. When I was called on, I began fumbling in my pockets for my spectacle-case. When I found it, it was empty.

I said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I had intended to read my speech this evening, but I can't find my glasses."

The speech proceeded amid roars of laughter, and I thought I was getting a reputation as a wit. When I finished somebody called out, "You've had 'em on all the time."—*R. C., Plymouth.*

Pig Hunter

I kept a pig, which followed me about. One day I went duck shooting, and taking my gun, I went to unloose the dog.

Walking across the meadow, I met a farmer who had a broad grin on his face. "Going to train the pig to hunt?" said he.

I turned, and to my dismay found the pig at my heels. I had let it loose instead of the dog.—*J. M., Killamarsh.*

Left Behind

A widower, with a boy two years old, I became friendly with a newly-married couple near by. I visited them often, taking my son with me.

One night they were not at home when I called, and I went in to await their return.

My boy, who sat on my lap, went to sleep. I undressed him, took him upstairs and put him to bed. I then went for a walk and returned to my own home.—*W. Oldham, Glam.*

Missed Meeting

It was Bank Holiday. I had gone to the station to meet some friends who had arranged to spend the day with me. Being a cross-word fan, on arriving at the station, having a few moments to wait, I started my solving.

Then the train steamed in and I jumped into the nearest carriage, nestled down in the corner and continued my occupation oblivious to everything.

When the train stopped, I got out and walked to my office. Finding it closed, I then realised my mistake, and had a long wait before I arrived home—only to be laughed at.—*A. S., Plymouth.*

Remembered—Forgotten

I was always losing my umbrella, and at last my daughter bought me one, the smartest I had ever possessed. As I left home she said, "Whatever you do, father, remember your umbrella!"

That week-end I hardly allowed that umbrella to go out of my sight, and proudly I marched up our garden-path with it on my return. "Here it is; I haven't lost it," I called out to my daughter.

A look of consternation came into her eyes as she said, "But where's your hat?" I had left it in the train.—*Minister, North Wales.*

Taken Down

I was seventeen at the time, and in service. On my day off I hurried out to buy myself a new hat. I walked in to a smart shop and, in a lofty manner, asked to be shown some hats.

Imagine my horror when the girl brought some hats along, and I took mine off to try them on, to find that I had forgotten to take off my maid's cap.—*Mrs. C., Surrey.*

Shock for Goalie

Rugby was invariably the game in which I took part, but as a change I decided to try Soccer for a season.

In my first game I was playing at centre-forward, and although things had not been going too well with me, my enthusiasm and dash were prominent factors.

Then came the climax of my excitement. The opposing goalkeeper had saved a hot shot and was running with the ball to clear when I dashed up and gave him the most beautiful Rugby tackle of my career.—*E. B. W., Greenock.*

"Canned"

One morning, on leaving home for business, and, I may mention, smartly dressed, I was handed a large milk-can to deposit on the doorstep on my way out.

Putting the handle over my wrist, I left the house, complete with can. On entering a Tube train, I noticed several people staring at me, and it was only then I realised what I had done.

To say I felt embarrassed would be putting it mildly. I simply went hot and cold. —*A. Laurie, Middlesex.*

A Return Journey

Driving my wife and her mother from London to my home at Croydon, I had engine trouble.

The women got out of the car to have a short stroll while I dealt with the engine. I soon got it running again and, jumping in the car, was soon at Croydon.

As I was putting away the car, the maid brought me a telephone message from my wife, suggesting I should go back to where I had left her and her mother.—*Capt. Heath, Penge.*

Long Wait

When I was young my mother impressed upon me never to cross a road if a horse and cart were coming along until they had passed me.

One day I was sent on an errand. After having been gone about an hour, mother became anxious, and came to look for me.

She found me waiting outside a refreshment-house for a horse and cart to go by. The driver had gone inside to have his dinner.—*R. Barnard, Fulham.*

* * *

After an enjoyable holiday with friends at last came the day of departure. A porter carried my luggage. Imagine my horror when I found myself kissing the porter and handing the tip to my friend. —*J. D., Ireland.*

I post my letters in the evening, make this my evening walk and indulge in a pipe. On a recent occasion I found that I had posted the pipe and pocketed the letters.—*W. E. S., Exmouth.*

After an accident I began to lose weight, so occasionally I weighed myself. Once I took my wallet, money and other oddments out of my pockets, put them in my bowler hat, then weighed myself with my hat in my hand.—*C. G. S., Romford.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, November 7.

The Money that Meant Most to Me.

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on November 4

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) EVERTON v. Huddersfield.
(2) ARSENAL v. Portsmouth.
(3) DERBY v. Leicester.
(4) W. B. ALBION v. Hotspur.
**(5) WEDNESDAY v. Chelsea.
(6) Birmingham v. Liverpool.
(7) BLACKBURN v. Wolverhampton.
(8) Leeds v. ASTON VILLA.
*(9) MANCHESTER C. v. Sunderland.
(10) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Stoke.
(11) Newcastle v. Sheffield U.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) FULHAM v. Manchester U.
**(2) PORT VALE v. Oldham.
*(3) SWANSEA v. Bradford.
(4) BLACKPOOL v. Brentford.
(5) BRADFORD C. v. Burnley.
(6) Bury v. WEST HAM.
(7) HULL v. Plymouth.
(8) Lincoln v. Forest.
(9) Millwall v. GRIMSBY.
(10) NOTTS COUNTY v. Preston.
(11) Southampton v. Bolton.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) NORWICH v. Cardiff.
(2) Brighton v. Bristol R.
(3) TORQUAY v. Watford.
(4) Aldershot v. SOUTHEND.
(5) Bristol C. v. EXETER.
(6) ORIENT v. Gillingham.
(7) LUTON v. Coventry.
(8) Newport v. Boscombe.
(9) NORTHAMPTON v. Reading.
(10) Q. P. RANGERS v. Charlton.
(11) Swindon v. C. Palace.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) HALIFAX v. Darlington.
(2) Rotherham v. CHESTERFIELD.
(3) York v. Tranmere.
(4) CARLISLE v. Wrexham.
(5) BARROW v. Hartlepools.
(6) Chester v. BARNSLEY.
(7) CREWE v. Gateshead.
(8) DONCASTER v. Mansfield.
(9) N. BRIGHTON v. Accrington.
**(10) STOCKPORT v. Southport.
(11) WALSALL v. Rochdale.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) CELTIC v. Partick.
(2) Hamilton v. Hearts.
(3) ABERDEEN v. Kilmarnock.
**(4) RANGERS v. Clyde.
(5) Airdrie v. St. Mirren.
*(6) AYR v. Third Lanark.
(7) Dundee v. MOTHERWELL.
(8) FALKIRK v. St. Johnstone.
*(9) HIBS. v. Cowdenbeath.
(10) Queen's Park v. Q. of South.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—5 (*H*); Div. II.—2 (*H*); Southern Section—1 (*H*); Northern Section—2 (*A*); Scottish League—4 (*H*) would indicate Wednesday, Port Vale, Norwich, Chesterfield and Rangers.

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If unable to obtain, write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, for name of nearest stockist.

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INDIGESTION needs MORE than Stomach Help

That is why your curative treatment must embrace the entire digestive system. Take 'BiSoDoL' which helps digestion "ALL THE WAY."

The digestive system is an intricate machine and a breakdown in any one of its parts puts the others out of order. If the stomach is upset the rest of the system is sure to suffer in sympathy.

For this reason you need more than stomach help alone to gain complete mastery over indigestion. When you take 'BiSoDoL' you carry out a treatment which is bound to give you far-reaching and lasting relief because it strengthens and restores the entire digestive system.

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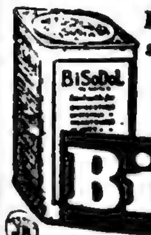
But the good work of 'BiSoDoL' does not end in the stomach, for it also relieves the distressing symptoms of intestinal dyspepsia with which most middle-aged and elderly people are only too familiar.

The headaches, the liverishness, the mental lethargy, bodily lassitude, and fits of despondency, the abdominal distension, to mention but a few of the miseries caused by bowel indigestion—all these are quickly relieved and avoided by taking 'BiSoDoL'. Try 'BiSoDoL' and you will realize what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion by the discovery of this COMPLETE remedy.



Price: 1/3 and 3/-. Family size 4/9. Of all Chemists.

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1934 Fashions in Face Powder

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Fashions in 'make-up' are undergoing a complete revolution. Old style face powders are as dead as the crinoline. Science now makes real and natural complexion beauty easy for any woman. *Mousse of Cream blended* face powder was first the vogue of fashionable society women in Paris, London and New York. Now, since the patent process has been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon, powder blended with Mousse of Cream is within the reach of every purse.

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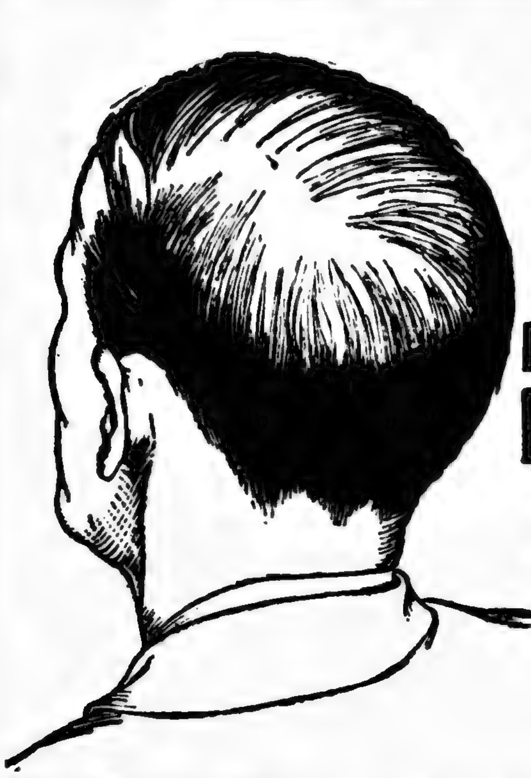
Poudre Tokalon consists of the finest, lightest, silk-sifted powder, scientifically blended with pure Mousse of Cream. That is why Poudre Tokalon gives marvellous complexions of clear, youthful beauty which retain their girlish freshness all day long even in wind, rain and heat. Made in ten perfect shades—one to suit every complexion, Poudre Tokalon has an alluring and delicate fragrance. The Mousse of Cream prevents it from drying the skin—a frequent cause of premature lines and dry, coarse rough skin. If you are using an old-fashioned powder try a 1/- box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. The amazing difference will surprise and delight you.



You need not look like this at 48

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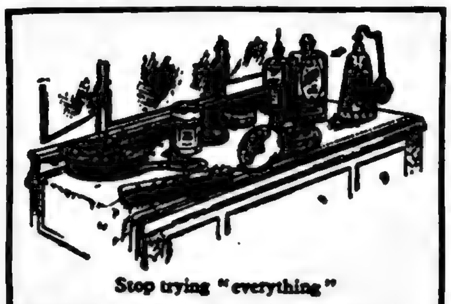
You should certainly get to know why Dr. Weidner's discovery has revolutionised former methods of hair treatment. It is now acknowledged by the medical profession that healthy hair growth can only be restored by applying to the scalp living hair cells.



Stop trying "everything"

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Silvikrin conveys natural growing energy to the hair forming tissues, restores their normal functions. It performs a real miracle on your scalp. Dandruff is removed almost over night, falling hair is rapidly stopped, and bald patches are soon covered with new hair.

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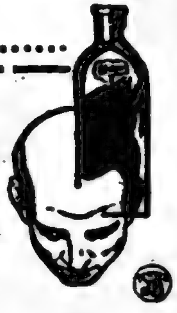

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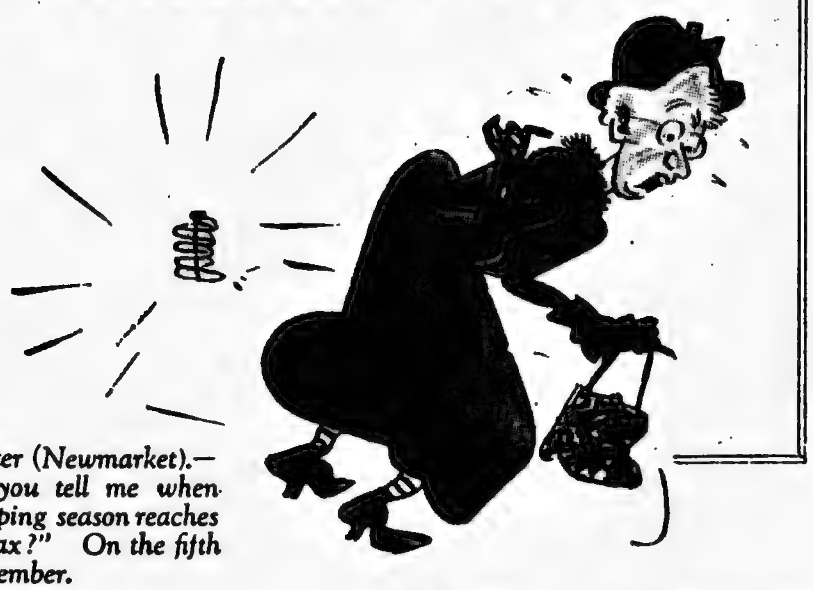
The Editor Laughs Last



Punter (Newmarket).—"Can you tell me when the jumping season reaches its climax?" On the fifth of November.

ANDY (Glasgow).—"My daughter thinks there's no one in the world like me." Well, we suppose you are a bit odd.

T. S. (Manchester).—"I've had bad luck with both my wives. The first eloped——" And the second one didn't?

HEARTBROKEN (Wisbech).—"Is there no cure for love at first sight?" A second look sometimes does the trick.

KINEMA STAR (Teddington).—"What I don't know about wedding-dresses isn't worth knowing." And divorce suits?

D. M. V. (Chatham).—"When does the average man hope to retire?" When his neighbour switches off the wireless.

TRAVELLER (Dover).—"I have seen animals that would amaze the Zoological Gardens authorities." Give up drinking.

I. B. (Royston).—"What does the modern girl save for a rainy day?" Her best boy's letters.

P. M. (Bristol).—"People will make love by wireless in the near future." Osculation per oscillation.

WRITER (Leeds). — "My stories are being read by twice as many people as before." Are you married now?

MOLLY (Walsall). — "Although I am thirty-five no living man has ever kissed me." Good heavens, did it kill them?

A. M (Edinburgh).—"The chef of the hotel is proud of the reputation for cooking he bears." But who eats he bears?

M. W. (Bath).—"A retired draper has been appointed to the magisterial Bench." We expect he'll soon be fining people four-and-eleven-three and costs.

W. H. J. (Swindon).—"A friend of mine received £150 for his broken leg." We should expect an unbroken one for that price.

C. H. (Manchester).—"Already in the North football gates are falling off." Surely the clubs can afford to have them mended?

U. B. (Luton).—"She had to wait twenty minutes for her bridegroom to appear." That's nothing. Some girls have been waiting twenty years.

W. R. (Swindon).—"I explained to the shopkeeper I was looking at his goods for a friend." And did you find him hiding on one of the shelves?

H. J. (Salford).—"It is five weeks since I asked for a telephone to be installed in my house, but as yet nothing has been done about it." Lucky man!

T. B. (Barnet).—"A child grows callous and hardened without a mother's care." A chicken we had in a restaurant the other evening must have been hatched in an incubator.

R. Y. (Salisbury).—"A doctor recently declared it is extremely difficult to prove that a man is really drunk." Not if the suspect insists on greeting everyone he meets by saying "Hello, twins!"

L. D. (Cambridge).—"A world-famous violinist confessed that he still had to practise ten hours a day to retain the flexibility of his fingers." Yet some ass of an interviewer will be asking him what are his spare-time hobbies!

F. M. (Bristol).—"Do you consider intelligence handicaps women?" Not many.

H. D. (Windermere).—"The tennis players had a fight in the road after the game." Settled out of court.

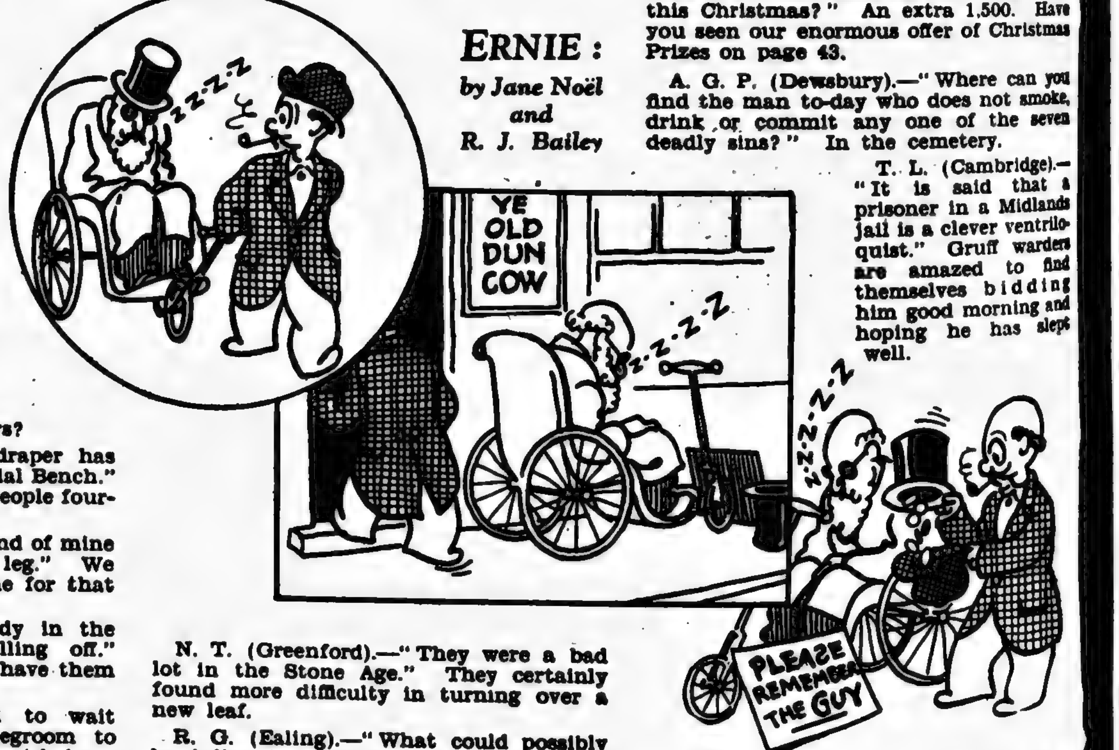
B. M. P. (Dawlish).—"When I broke the record everybody cheered." What was the record—"Stormy Weather"?

HOUSEWIFE (Shipton).—"What is a gooseberry-fool?" All gooseberries are fools—ask you daughter.

C. W. (Bury).—"What peculiar names are sometimes given to racehorses." Yes; particularly when they are also-rans.

NELL (Knebworth).—"Did not our grandmothers use powder?" Always—when baking.

F. B. (Derby).—"At a recent wedding the bridegroom fainted, but on his recovery the ceremony proceeded." Still, the idea was worth trying.



ERNIE:
by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

N. T. (Greenford).—"They were a bad lot in the Stone Age." They certainly found more difficulty in turning over a new leaf.

R. G. (Ealing).—"What could possibly be duller than last Sunday's wireless programme?" We haven't heard next Sunday's yet.

F. L. O. (Colchester).—"Last week I got a bite from a gnat which swelled up to an enormous size." You must have poisoned the poor thing.

H. L. (York).—"The world now has practically every kind of government." Excepting, of course, the kind they all promised to give.

TIM (Dublin).—"What do you think I did when I arrived home late one night and my wife, thinking I was the dog, said, 'Is that you, Snap?'" You licked her hand?

MAGGIE P. (Dundee).—"I desire most emphatically to state Scotchmen are not mean." Don't say that or you will put thousands of our jokemakers out of business.

MRS. G. W. (London, W.).—"Although I am over a hundred I have never been to a theatre." You may now expect to receive telegrams of congratulation from all the dramatic critics.

LAWYER (The Temple).—"The number of bigamists is on the increase." (See below.)

PATHOLOGIST (Hanwell).—"The number of weakminded people is on the increase." (See above.)

DON. B. (Wood Green).—"I used to work in a shoe factory, but now I am a hairdresser." Worked your way up?

TAFFY (Burwell).—"No B.B.C. announcers can pronounce Welsh names properly." But why should they?

P. B (Ravensgill).—"What makes an Irishman always want to fight?" Another Irishman.

S. T. (Ely).—"Verdigris green is quoted as a new colour for women's wear." This should match hubby's old suit splendidly.

CLERGYMAN (London).—"My sermon on thrift made a wonderful impression on the congregation." And on the collection?

D. B. (Shepreth).—"It's love that makes the world go round." Maybe, but old topers don't ask for it by that name.

N. B. (Histon).—"Can you think of a generation which could despise its parents more than this one does?" Yes—the next.

JIM W. (Lewisham).—"I brought home some carpets from Turkey that can't be beaten." That's lucky for you.

J. F. (Carshalton).—"There are certain truths we must drum into the brains of our politicians." Into the what?

G. J. (Mayfair).—"It costs a man nothing to gaze upon beauty in this country." But not across the table of a fashionable restaurant.

SCOTTY (Forfar).—"To prove I am not niggardly, I have just patronised a weighing-machine." And what did you and the wife and the bairn weigh together?

PLAYWRIGHT (St. Albans).—"The success or failure of a play can always be determined by the attitude of the gallery." In the lap of the gods.

W. S. (Plymouth).—"A well-known naturalist has written a volume on the wild cat and dedicated it to his wife." Well, he should know best.

G. Y. E. (Castleton).—"I have just gone into a new business and my immediate rise has made me feel quite dizzy." Are you starting as a steeplejack?

PSYCHOLOGIST (Bloomsbury). — "The first kiss a youth receives leaves a permanent mark upon him." So these scientists have now invented an indelible lipstick!

E. S. J. (Wallington).—"How many homes will be enjoying anything extra this Christmas?" An extra 1,500. Have you seen our enormous offer of Christmas Prizes on page 43.

A. G. P. (Dewsbury).—"Where can you find the man to-day who does not smoke, drink or commit any one of the seven deadly sins?" In the cemetery.

T. L. (Cambridge).—"It is said that a prisoner in a Midlands jail is a clever ventriloquist." Gruff warders are amazed to find themselves bidding him good morning and hoping he has slept well.

D. S. (Birmingham).—"There is a lot of professional jealousy among well-known footballers." Some are always ready to run down colleagues working for a rival paper.

MRS. E. (Durham).—"According to an old superstition, it's lucky to turn money when there is a new moon." Nowadays it's lucky to be able to turn money at any time.

A. B. E. (Whitechapel).—"Exiled Jews have to spend weary months before they can find a place to settle down in." But it should console them to think that it took Moses forty years.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The facetious replies given on this page to correspondents are for your entertainment.

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2 Reasons why men look at a woman

You can tell by the expression on HIS face what he thinks of YOUR face. If your skin and complexion are muddy, mottled and ugly, a man scowls in disgust. But a face glowing with soft clear youthful freshness arouses his frank admiration—and his gaze lingers. The worst-looking skin and complexion takes on amazing new beauty in only three days time, when you apply Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy). It is nourishing, whitening and astringent. Penetrates instantly, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores and does away with blackheads and wrinkles of fatigue. Keeps the driest skin fresh and delicately moist, but not greasy. Banishes the oily film on a greasy skin. Apply this new Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood every morning and watch how a beautiful skin stirs the heart of a man.

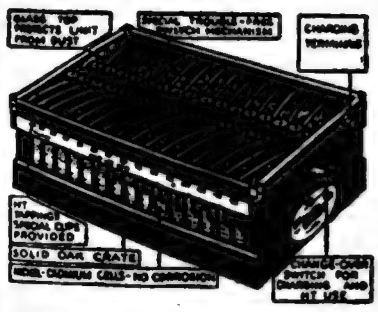
FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422 V), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."


GLASS TOP PROTECTS UNIT FROM DUST
SPECIAL TROUBLE-FREE SWITCH MECHANISM
CHARGING TERMINALS
H.T. TAPPINGS SPECIAL CLIPS PROVIDED
SOLID OAK CRATE
NICKEL-CADMIUM CELLS—NO CORROSION
CHANGE-OVER SWITCH FOR CHARGING AND H.T. USE

HERE'S A HIGH-TENSION BATTERY that will be just as good in 20 years' time as on the day you bought it!

The Milnes H.T. Supply Unit is almost everlasting. Over 15,000 Milnes Units have been subjected to the most drastic tests. Not one has failed in its duty.

The Milnes Unit is indispensable for quality reception.

The voltage never varies. The unit is always fully charged. Dead silent background at all times.

NO MAINS REQUIRED AND NO CARRYING TO CHARGE.

The Milnes Unit recharges itself automatically from the L.T. accumulator without waste of current. It requires no watching or timing, but keeps itself in tip-top condition always.

IMPROVES WITH HARD USE.

The Milnes Unit cannot be harmed by overcharging or dead shorting. The harder you work it the better it becomes. It will meet the demands of the largest set.

The secret lies in the nickel-cadmium plates and the patented switchgear. You end H.T. troubles when you use a

MILNES H.T. SUPPLY UNIT

PRICES IN GT. BRITAIN.

90 volt	£3 3 0	100 volt	£3 9 5
120 volt	£4 2 3	150 volt	£5 1 8

Hire Purchase terms from 6s. 3d. per month.

Free

BIG FREE BOOK giving 24 pages of vitally interesting information. Send the coupon TO-DAY.

IS .T. SINESS

MILNES RADIO CO., LTD., BINGLEY, YORKS.
Please send FREE Book describing the Milnes H.T. Supply Unit. No obligation.
Name..................
Address..................
J.B.

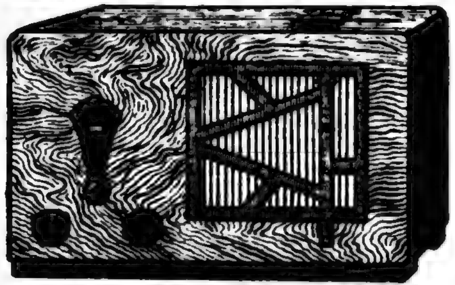
Cuticura
SOAP
SHAVING
STICK

Cuticura SOAP SHAVING STICK

makes shaving a pleasure

What better way to start the day than to shave with **Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick!** Containing the medicinal and emollient properties of **Cuticura** it enables tender-faced men to shave in comfort and leaves the skin free from any tense, dry feeling. *Price 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.*

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



The GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set is a triumph of Radio skill & enterprise. Every component the best of its class.

All-steel Chassis, Special Coil Circuit using iron-cored radio frequency coils. Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker of advanced design and natural tone, British Valves. Illuminated Tuning Dial. Cabinet 17 x 10½ x 8¾in. with beautifully figured Walnut front. Complete with Batteries & Aerial Equipment, Carriage Paid £6.16.0 Terms: 8/- monthly. No charge for Easy Terms.

8/- NOW

Catalogue Free. Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

PETER DAWSON *The Famous Baritone*

writes: "Being unusually run down and nervy I was induced by a friend to try a course of VITADATIO, from which I derived great benefit. There is no doubt that your medicine is a tonic *par excellence*. It has done me an immense amount of good, and I can honestly recommend it."

If you are a sufferer—get a bottle to-day.

Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra, in Great Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from

VITADATIO No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS

V158

FREE! BIG BOOK OF PIANOS

The finest value in Pianos is offered by W. H. Barnes, Ltd., whose advertisement appears on page 25. Free tuning service—written guarantee—easy payment terms from 3/- weekly. Fill in the coupon for full particulars & free illustrated book of quality Pianos.

THE HERBAL REMEDY FOR PSORIASIS

ECZEMA and all other Skin Diseases. Removes all trace completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. A proved success over 40 years. Write for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover and full particulars of our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

J. ROBINSON & SONS,
(Bradford) Ltd.
11, Kerom House, BRADFORD.

WIN 'JOHN BULL'S' HUGE 3-IN-1 X-WORD PRIZE!

LIFE PENSION **£2** WEEKLY FOR LIFE

PLUS BIG CHEQUE **£350** CASH

PLUS XMAS BOX **£50** CHEQUE THIS XMAS

SHOULD WINNER PREFER LUMP SUM, OR FIRST PRIZE BE SHARED, £850 CASH WILL BE PAID

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6D ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

GIANT XMAS HAMPERS

10 SEASONABLE LUXURIES ARE CONTAINED IN EACH OF THESE HUGE HAMPERS

Plump Xmas Fowl · Sausages · Xmas Pudding · Cake · Fruit · Chocolates · Cigarettes · Biscuits · Crackers · Fine Old Port

TO ARRIVE JUST BEFORE DEC. 25

BONUS OF CROSSWORD 'SEASON' TICKET FOR ALL WINNERS REGISTERED FOR 'JOHN BULL'S' FREE WEEKLY 'CROSSWORD GAZETTE' BY CLOSING DATE · · · USE REGISTRATION COUPON FROM 'BULLETS' ANNOUNCEMENT · · · £2

IF you wanted to purchase for yourself the right to a £2 a week pension for the rest of your days, it might well cost you £2,000 or more.

Yet that lifelong income can be yours for solving the entertaining Crossword below—and "John Bull" will add to it the fine lump sum of £350 at once, followed by a £50 Christmas-box!

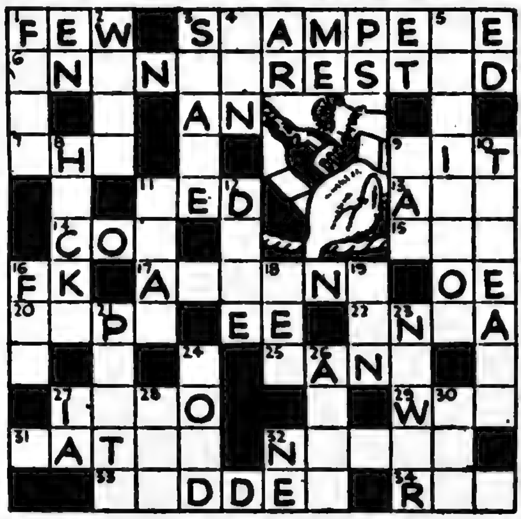
That First alone constitutes a monster offer—but look at all the remaining cash which must be won—and the unlimited supply of Giant Christmas Hampers for this week's winners!

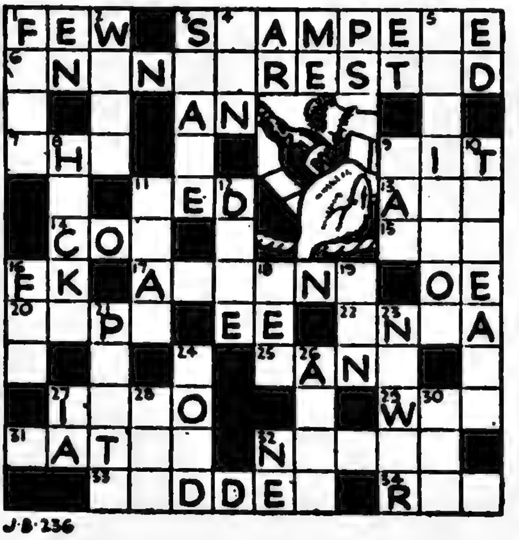
Such tremendous opportunities of Cash-plus-Feast prizes for Crosswords come only in our Christmas Campaign, which lasts for just a few flying weeks.

This week's monster offer, you will see, closes at noon on Thursday, November 9; if you want to share in this week's shower of Crossword Prizes, therefore, you will be wise to begin on your entry this evening.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week, £350 Cash and a cheque for £50 this Christmas (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Giant Hamper will be added to every winner's prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 16, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 23.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 236—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 9, 1933.


J.B. 236


J.B. 236

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. value......No.........
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED..............................

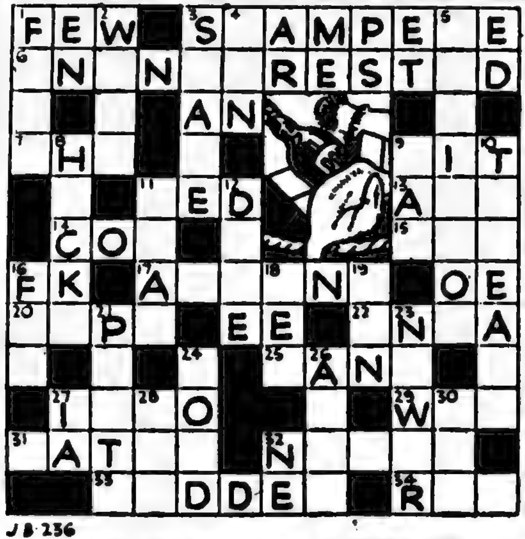
ADDRESS..............................

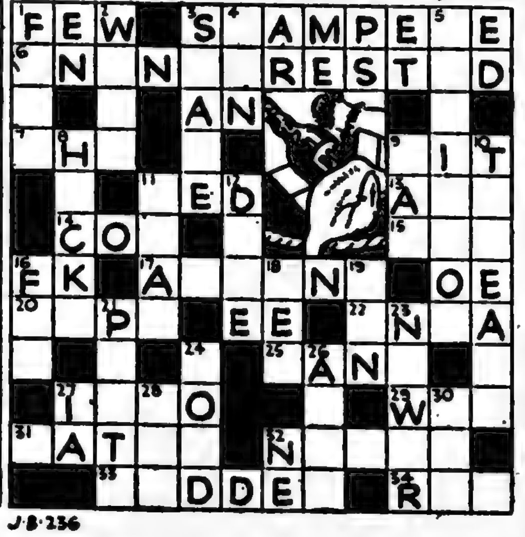
....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 236—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 9, 1933.


J.B. 236


J.B. 236

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. value......No.........
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED..............................

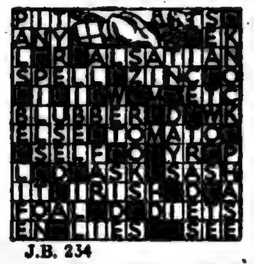
ADDRESS..............................

....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

SOLUTION OF "JOHN BULL" X-WORD No. 234.


J.B. 234

Winners in 233 on page 44. Result of 234 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 234 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this Crossword as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Not many
3. Sudden panic among animals.
6. Unconcerned
7. Feminine pronoun
9. Strike
11. You sleep on this
13. Left by cigarette
14. Sound made by doves
15. Knight's title
17. Gives a hint of a man's character
20. Poisonous serpents
22. Indian coin
25. Where country lovers stroll
27. Two prepositions combined into one
29. Part of verb "to be"
31. It helps to provide cheap meal
32. To be this makes some babies kick.
33. Experience makes us this—and wiser
34. Makes one switch off the radio

DOWN

1. Sometimes seen about a film star
2. Made short by nippers
3. Music is often produced on
4. Two short of a dozen
5. Boxer sometimes earns this
8. Vet. examines these carefully
9. Possesses
10. Wax usually makes them stronger
11. Constrictor snakes
12. Played by sportsmen
16. Sometimes helps one to keep cool
18. Long, slippery fish
19. Light brown colour
21. Cause alarm when they're torn from their moorings
23. More recent
24. One may be bound by this
26. Indicates position of an object
28. Such leaves foretell your future
30. Fuss

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, November 9, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 23, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, December 5, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

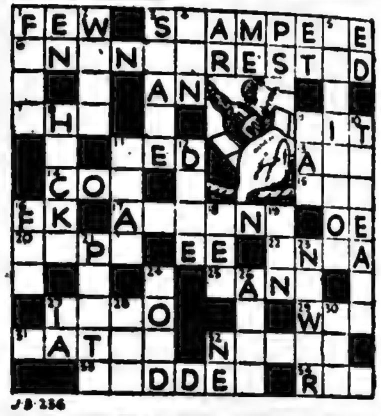
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

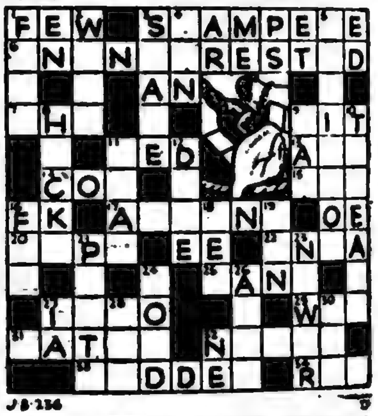
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.


J.B. 236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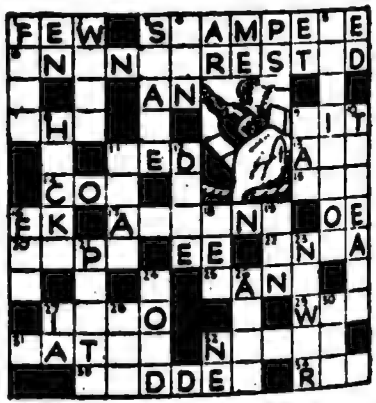
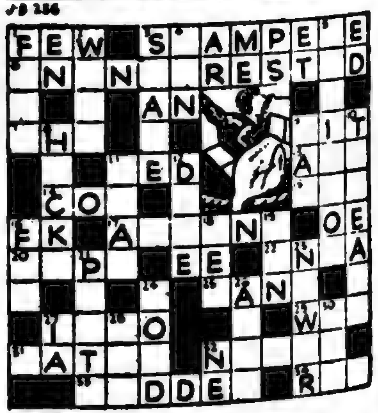

J.B. 236


J.B. 236

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING
See Rule 1.

Address Entry
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 236, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
(Comp.).

Graceful Slim lines For You...

Nu-Style Ambron **Corselette**

The Super Mode

Fashion, Grace, Comfort, and Ideal Support. Try on Appro.

1/-

Perfect figure support in every position and the luxury comfort of high-grade wear are features of this beautiful corselette. The Nu-Style is modelled in fine stripe Coutille with hinged back that "gives" to every sway or bend and returns with gliding smoothness. Front is brassiere form, in soft web net, and the underbelt, side fastening, adds delightful "up-hold." Four suspenders are fitted. Try-on deposit just 1/-, then instalments if preferred.

Full **8/11** Price

Bargain Coupon: Ambron Nu-style

Please send me, on approval, at this week's bargain price of 8/11, an Ambron Nu-Style Model Corselette, to following measurements:—

Bust .... Hips ....

Sizes range from 30 ins. to 46 ins. bust.

I enclose 1/- deposit, with 4d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- each. If not satisfied, and I return the goods at once unworn, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose coupon with full name and address and Postal Order crossed thus / /.

"John Bull," 4/11/33, No. 409.

Post your Order to—
AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 409, Ambron House,
60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

A Watch to Rely on.

Send only 1/6 *Deposit*

Full Price, 12/6. Overseas & I.F.S. full cash only. Send 1/6 deposit with 3d. postage. Balance 2/6 monthly.

Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., Dept. S 609, 60, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., London, S.W.

At a price to suit your pocket this handsome Gent's Wrist-Watch, D.L.172, combines dignity with utility. Chromium plated case with an unusual square front and round back. Silver Luminous dial of pleasing appearance. Complete with strap. Thoroughly recommended for long service. Money refunded unless quite pleased.

A SHAVEX BLADE IN CONSTANT USE FOR OVER A YEAR.

"You will be interested to know that I have had one of your Shavex Blades in use for over a year and am still using it."

Thus writes a satisfied user of the World-famous Shavex Blades.

Shavex Blades are a miracle of sharpness and smoothness. They last longer than any other blade. No instrument of the highest precision has such a wonderful edge or is made of better quality steel.

We have hundreds of other letters from delighted users praising the merits of the wonderful Shavex Blades, and proving that never before have they known shaving so easy, so quick and so little trouble.

The Shavex Blade is a new blade made from a newly discovered steel by a new process that has revolutionised the quality of Razor blades.

Get a packet of 5 blades, price 1/3 from your nearest Chemist, or *send for free sample blade* **to Shavex Blades, Dept. J.B., 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.**

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD

FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Graves "FLIGHT" Model has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Chromium Plated, full set of Accessories. Complete £3:17:6 No charge for instalment terms. Carriage Paid for 5/2 now and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for Catalogue of Gent's, Ladies' and Juvenile's Cycles; also Tandems & Racers.

SEND 5/2

J. S. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

PLAYING with FIRE

YOUNG England is preparing for "The Fifth." He has built a huge "bonfire" in the back garden. At a touch it will crackle and roar, its light flickering on trees and buildings. Rockets will leap into the air, fireworks will hiss, explode, and fall in a shower of gold.

But what of the risk?

A spark from a bonfire or firework may settle on the house, a breeze may fan it into flame and, in a few seconds, your home may be ablaze.

This is one of the many grim risks of Fire against which JOHN BULL covers you up to £1,000. Fire dangers are greatly increased in these winter months. The cheerful glow in your grate may be a red flag of danger. Be wise before the event! Sign the forms below and safeguard your home and precious possessions free against this ever-present menace.

In over 100,000 homes JOHN BULL's great Free Family Insurance has proved a bulwark against adversity, a friend in one of life's darkest hours. Year by year it becomes more firmly established in the homes and in the hearts of our readers, proving abundantly its great practical value and worth.

Remember that JOHN BULL is unique in being the only paper to offer vital protection against those terrible and frequent menaces of life—Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness.

"That Happy Feeling"

A family in Cardiff are glad they signed the forms. They express their pleasure in the following words:—

"Accept our thanks and appreciation. Your courtesy and prompt settlement have left a very happy feeling in our home towards JOHN BULL."

It may be dangerous to hesitate—sign the forms below, *now*—and be safe.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address ....

....

.... Date ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 4/11/33

CUT HERE

***Post* this Coupon to**

"John Bull" Registration Department,
122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age ....

Address ....

....

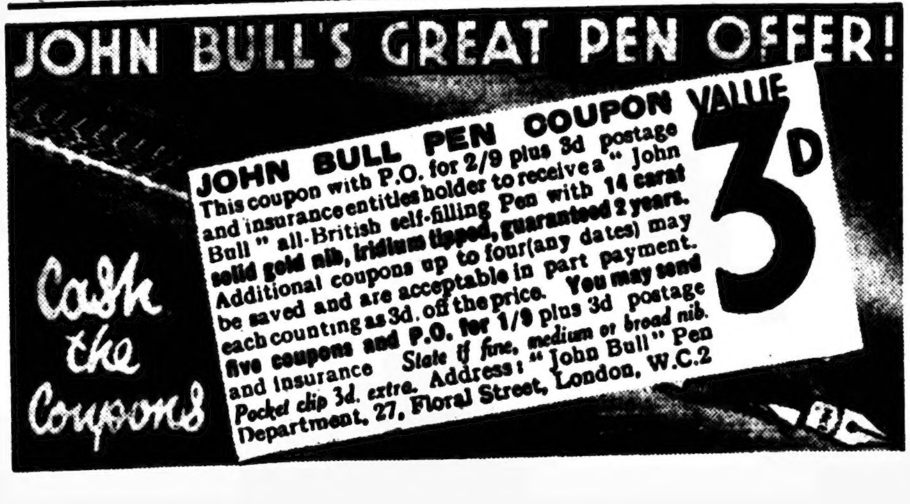
....

Name and Address of Newsagent. ....

....

.... Date ....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 4/11/33



JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!
Cash the Coupons
VALUE 3D

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat **solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2

Approved Treatment for

COUGHS and SORE THROATS

Gargle with warm salt water three times a day. At night rub the throat and chest briskly with Vick brand Vapour-Rub and cover with warm flannel.

If the throat is very sore or there is much coughing, melt a little "Vick" in boiling water and inhale the steam and vapours together.

This external treatment is especially good for children's colds, for there is nothing to upset little stomachs, as too much "dosing" so often does.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Attacks colds in 2 ways at once

Make a Better Cigarette at a Better Price

—with your favourite tobacco and A.G. paper. You'll save 3½d. in every shilling. A.G. is the paper for perfect cigarettes—the thinnest, strongest and purest cigarette paper you can buy.

Insist on A.G. and refuse substitutes.

AG *The Paper of nearly 50 years' reputation.*

FITS ALL MACHINES

X FALSE TEETH held firmly with utmost COMFORT AND CONFIDENCE *if sprinkled daily with* **KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE**

IN PATENT SPRINKLER FOR CARRYING IN POCKET OR HANDBAG.

A BOON TO SINGERS, SPEAKERS, CLERGY & BUSINESS MEN.

Send coupon unsealed. ½d. stamp MADE IN ENGLAND

FREE Trial. Kolynos (Dept 22) F. Chenies St., London, W.C.1

....

....

....

HAIR TROUBLES? *Turn to p. 37.*
Fill in Coupon for free Sample and Booklet.

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD IN RAZOR BLADES
FREE RAZOR GIVEN. AWAY

Shavex
SHAVEX BLADE

We have customers who have used Shavex Blades for over two years, and can give the names and addresses to anyone who likes to ask for same. Every reader should get this marvellous new patent razor. Never before has man known such comfort while shaving. The Razor glides over the face and is hardly felt, and the face is left wonderfully fresh and smooth ; the skin feels like satin after a shave with our Shavex and these wonderful blades. This Razor has no teeth to collect dirt and can be cleaned in a second. The Patent guard has four raised edges that make cutting oneself impossible. One of our blades lasts ten times the life of an ordinary blade, because of the secret process of honing, polishing and stropping. This secret process costs us many thousands of pounds, and no one holds the secret but ourselves. It is the sharpest blade in the world. SHAVEX BLADES are made from Chrome Nickel Steel, and this is made solely for the Shavex super Blades. No one else has the right to make blades from this steel. These blades are the longest lived of any blades on the market. The Razor is a miracle of what a perfect razor should be. Six holes are made in the guard, which make it so easy to clean. If dissatisfied with this wonderful outfit and return it within three days, your 1s. and postage refunded. Razor Outfit 1s., also Shavex Blades 1s. 3d. per packet of five at all chemists or post free from The Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

We only ask you to buy one super Shavex Blade as a trial. We do not want to eulogise what a marvellous blade it is. It is made of the finest Chrome Steel with the keenest edge ever known and lasts ten times as long as any other blade. The greatest testers in the world test these blades. They are made with a secret process, and when these blades are put aside after shaving, for a few hours, all the small molecules get together again and the marvellous edge is still there and needs no stropping. We have never seen a blade do this, only the Shavex Blade. Let us prove our words, if you are not satisfied we will give you your money back and postage. guarantee every blade.

WHEN ANÆMIA SAPS VITALITY.

Doctors say that slim fashions and the modern craze for excitement are breeding a generation of anæmics. And with anæmia comes a whole host of troubles. Proneness to illness ; lessened powers of resistance, listlessness, apathy, dullness, loss of looks.

Is it surprising that so many doctors are advising women, young and old, to turn to that famous tonic wine, Wincarnis? They know that Wincarnis is so delicious that it will tempt the most fastidious appetite, and that it positively creates rich, new blood.

Its effect is noticeable from the very first glass. As you drink it you will feel fresh life steal through your veins. You will find you sleep better, grow brighter and stronger, find your looks and complexion improve until soon you have perfect health.

For 50 years Wincarnis has proved invaluable for all who are run-down, nervy or exhausted, for men and women of all ages. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from medical men for cases of neurasthenia, debility, sleeplessness, neuralgia, and run-down conditions generally. Try it yourself to-day.

AFRAID TO EAT AFTER APPENDICITIS

Even if you haven't had such a serious operation, if you know what it is to be afraid to eat for indigestion, you will be interested in the remarkable experience of Mr. R. T. B........................., of Westcliff.

Read this letter:

"Six years ago I underwent a serious operation for appendix abscess, since when I got to the stage when I was afraid to eat, knowing full well how I should suffer if I did.

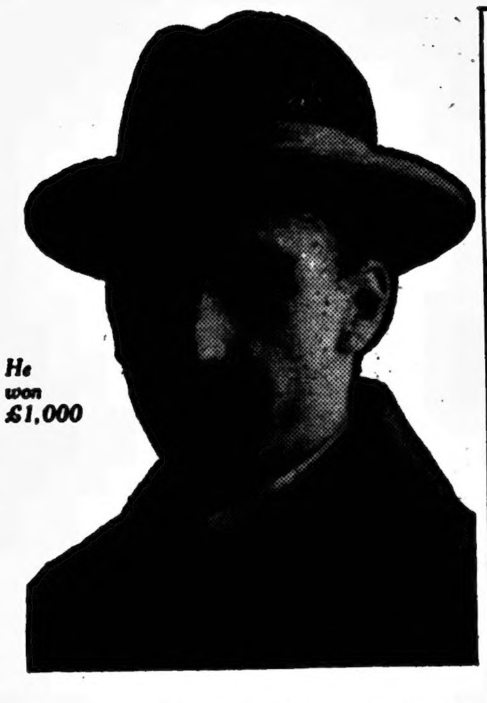
"I tried most reputed remedies, but they only gave me temporary relief till I decided to give Maclean Brand a trial. On the 4th day there was a marked improvement, and in a week I was able to enjoy all the good things of life. I thought I would find out their real value, and did so, by purposely eating cheese, pastry and nuts—the latter on a full stomach. The result was not the slightest discomfort.

"Only those who have suffered the agonies of gastric disorders can know what a blessing this is. I am never without my Maclean Brand, and do not intend to be; fancy being a fit man again on 3/9—in three weeks!"

Is there any need to say more to you who suffer from indigestion in any form?

But be sure to ask your chemist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name and see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" before you buy. It is never sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/– and 5/– bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

The HOME *that* "John Bull" *will Build*


He won £1,000

"WE'LL move before long!" Those were the words of a young civil servant to his bride when they went to live in their first tiny home at 97, Kershaw Street, Thornbury, Bradford. And he meant them.

That was seven years ago. But each year that passed seemed to make that move more impossible. Employed at a modest salary in the Bradford Valuation Office, Mr. E. Fearnside found it a hard struggle to keep a home going.

Then, when those pay cuts came and twins joined the Fearnside's baby girl, it looked as if the pleasant house they had dreamed about must be forgotten.

For all that, one recent Monday morning, Mr. Fearnside took a day's leave, put on his hat and went out to buy a house!

He had not taken leave of his senses. In his pocket, you see, was a telegram from JOHN BULL, telling him that he had won the First Prize in *Bullets* 911th Contest.

Even after he has moved into his comfortable new home, with the garden he has longed for, Mr. Fearnside will still have a substantial balance in the bank.

For him, for his wife and for the kiddies, the whole world has changed since he secured a £1,000 cheque and a Radio Gramophone as his reward for that homely and telling *Bullet*, PRICE OF PLEASURE—CHEAP, IF "DEAREST" REASONABLE.

When a JOHN BULL man called with congratulations, the winner and his wife seemed still unable to realise fully the magic power of that First Prize telegram.

Mr. Fearnside confessed to feeling dazed at the sudden change in their affairs. And Mrs. Fearnside even admitted that the arrival of that fateful little envelope made her take over an hour to put the twins to bed!

Looking back on his *Bullets* experiences, Mr. Fearnside told how he had been plodding away at his favourite hobby for several years, with nothing more than minor awards to keep his heart up. But it takes a lot to discourage a Yorkshireman.

"I've worked away at *Bullets* nearly every evening," he said. "It is the only time that my wife can leave the children, so often she goes out while I mind the kiddies and make *Bullets!*"

"It usually takes me several hours to make them," went on Mr. Fearnside, "but I wrote down my First Prize effort as it stands. In fact, it was not until I read the words in your telegram that I realised what a good *Bullet* it was!"

We urge every reader of this column to look back now at that *Bullet*, a model of its kind. And yet its words are simple. It is the kind of *Bullet* which any man or woman with common-sense might well make up.

Remember Mr. Fearnside's motto as you turn to this week's *Examples*. "Try and you might," it runs. "Don't and you certainly won't!"

With these words fresh in your mind, settle down to a quiet half-hour this evening with the "Examples" on the opposite page and see what you can do about our astonishing offer of substantial cheques and 1,500 Christmas Prizes.

GREATEST CHRISTMAS OFFER EVER LAUNCHED!

For *Bullets* No. 917 we shall offer a monster Christmas-box of £2,000, plus £50 for Christmas Shopping, with other big cheques and a final 2,000 Christmas Prizes. Look out for this "Double 2000" Contest!

37 WINNING HINTS

"WATCH the winners!" You cannot say those words to yourself too often, for if there is any secret of *Bullets* success, you have it in this slogan.

The big winners in Competition No. 912 are not due for publication until next week's issue.

Therefore, we recall below for your assistance all the *Bullets* which have won First Prizes this year. Here are thirty-seven varying hints on how to score in *Bullets*, each one worth the attention of every would-be winner.

If you want to be amongst the 1,500 winners of this week's Christmas awards or head the prize-list and experience the thrills of our famous Friday telegram, you could not spend the next half-hour better than with this valuable list.

MISS 1933—"SERVANT" STOPPING YEAR ANYHOW!
PRETTY TOUGH—WHEN "TENDER" YEARS "UGLY."
LONELY WOMAN—COUNTS "SHEEP," NOT "PIGGIES."
FOR SONNY'S SAKE—I TIPTOE—I TRAMP.
WORTH TRYING—"FIFTY-FIFTY" FOR "THIRTY-THREE."
HER LOVE—"UMBRELLA" MOTHER *Never* LOSES.
FIGHTING SPIRIT—FORTUNATELY "MY DOVE'S" *Got*.
HER BIRTHDAY—"TERROR" *Spinster* "KEEPS QUIET."
TO SAVE—NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY—*Your* "FIRE."
HURRY UP, SPRING—YOU SOFTEN BUDGET'S "JOLTS."
THE RIGHT GIRL—CAN "MAKE HIM ANYTHING."
QUARRELLING WITH LIFE—USELESS—"TAKE A BLOW!"
WE NEED—TO NEED, TO HEED.
FOR SERVICES RENDERED—KING "PINNED ON CROSS."
FEARSOME BEAST—IN TO-DAY'S "JUNGLE," TO-MORROW?
BE CAREFUL, HITLER—CAUSE SUFFERS, CAUSING SUFFERINGS!
MY TIP—TO TRENCHARD—"GO QUIETLY"!
IN A WEAK MOMENT—DON'T OVERTHROW "LIFE'S EDIFICE."
DUST OF YEARS—*Prevents* YOUTH "WRITING NAME."
SELDOM CONSIDERED—ETERNITY—THERE'S NO TIME!
GARDEN OF PEACE—HELP YOURSELF "TO PRODUCE"!
CURE FOR DEPRESSION—"QUICK ONE," QUACK ONE.
AT THE CONFERENCE—WORD-SPINNING—WORLD REELING.
TO PUT THINGS RIGHT—FIX "STANDARDS" *Above* GOLD.
ROUND THE WORLD—"BENDING"—WORLD ROUNDING BEND.
BY THE STREAM—"MILLSTONE" FLOATS GENTLY AWAY.
DOCTOR'S CAR—ONLY "BARGAIN" HE "DRIVES."
MAN'S RIGHT—HAND—SCIENCE, RIGHTLY HANDLED.
HOPELESS—THINGS SEEM? THINK! SCHEME!
TO SETTLE THE DEBT—TO PARENTS, BE "CREDIT."
ALL FATHER CAN DO—WHISPER "GET WELL, BABY!"
HER MOTHER—MAKES SERGEANT SEEM MOTHERLY.
SOMETHING WRONG—BUT DON'T "CONCLUDE EVERYTHING"!
HAPPY PAIR—"CLOSE CALL" CALLED CLOSER.
SONNY'S CAREER—DECISION'S "NO SMALL JOB."
WEARY WOMAN—"TENDS TO WEARY" MAN.
PRICE OF PLEASURE—CHEAP, IF "DEAREST" REASONABLE.

Something NEW "HARLENE" HAIR CREAM
With Tonic Properties

A Hair Cream which not only "fixes" the hair, but actually has a tonic effect upon every hair root and shaft, is to-day made available by the introduction of "HARLENE" HAIR CREAM.

This new combined Dressing and Tonic will be welcomed by all men who wish to appear well groomed. Just send 4d. stamps for post and packing to Edwards Harlene Ltd. (C.800), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1, and you will receive a

FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE

All you have to do is to use a little "HARLENE" HAIR CREAM before you brush your hair in the morning and you will enjoy that well-groomed appearance throughout the whole day. At the same time, the health of your hair will benefit, it will be freed from scurf and dandruff and protected against many common hair troubles. "HARLENE" HAIR CREAM is obtainable from ALL Chemists and stores, price 1/1½ and 2/–, or direct (Post Free) upon receipt of price.

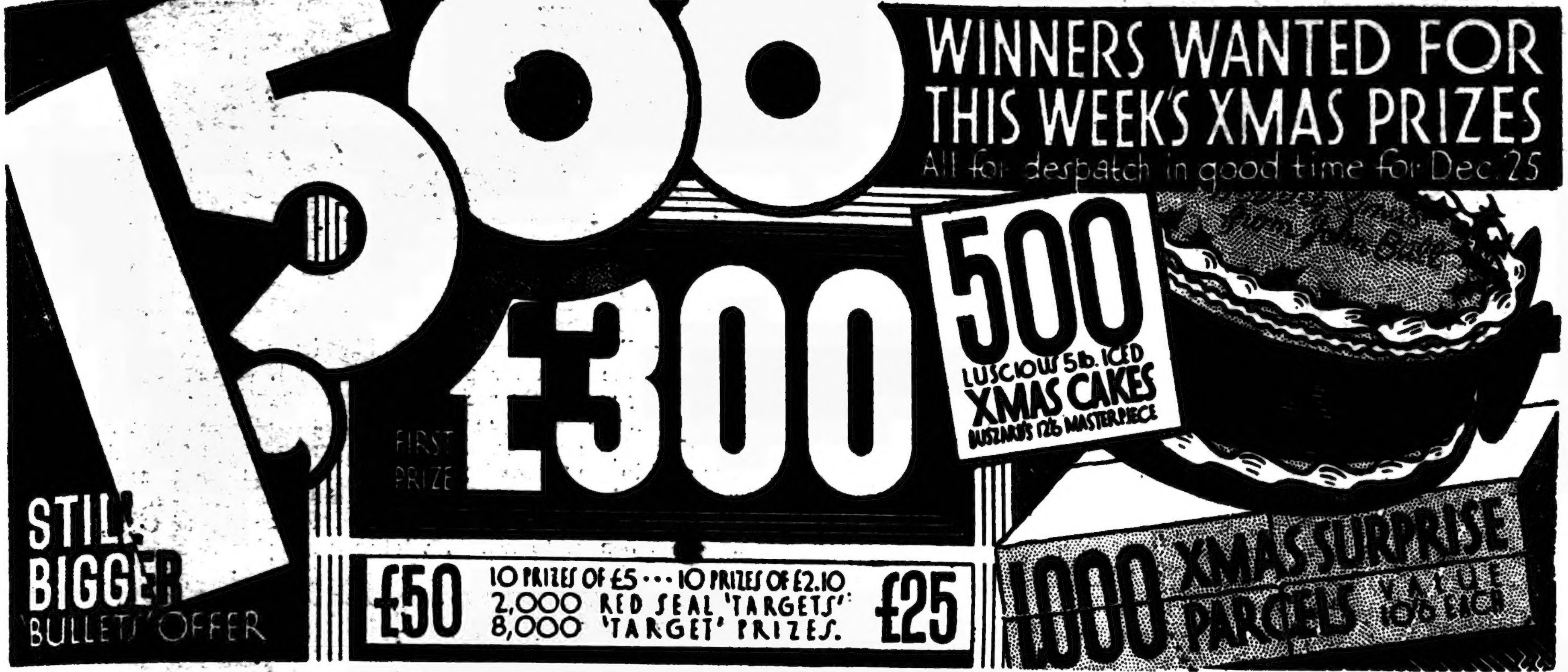
Has No Ugly Hair Now

"I had become completely discouraged by a heavy growth of disgusting hair. I tried depilatory pastes, evil smelling powders and painful electric treatments—even a razor. Shaving simply made the hair grow thicker. Then I found the NEW VEET which contains Wenlo-White. This dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots, thereby ending all superfluous hair troubles for ever. Since using New Veet my skin is so clean and white that no one could possibly suspect I was ever afflicted with that horrible superfluous hair."

The New-White Veet (containing Wenlo-White) is guaranteed 100% pure and delightfully perfumed. At all chemists and hairdressers, 6d. and 1/6d.

PILES CURED WITHOUT OPERATION
Instant relief after first application
THE WONDER CURE
HEALALENE OINTMENT
in boxes 2/- and 3/6 sent post paid in plain wrappers.
Trial Sample 6d. post paid.
Send Crossed P.O. to HEALALENE PRODUCTS CO., 78, New Oxford St. (No. 1 Laboratory), London, W.C.1

12 DEC 33


1,500
WINNERS WANTED FOR THIS WEEK'S XMAS PRIZES
All for despatch in good time for Dec. 25
FIRST PRIZE £300
500 LUSCIOUS 5lb. ICED XMAS CAKES
BUSZARD'S 12/6 MASTERPIECE
STILL BIGGER BULLETS OFFER
£50
10 PRIZES OF £5 ··· 10 PRIZES OF £2.10
2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS'
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES.
£25
1000 XMAS SURPRISE PARCELS VALUE 10/6 EACH

Join "Bullets" Giant Party This Christmas!

JUST before December 25, John Bull will despatch to the 1,500 Christmas Prize-winners in this week's Contest either one of Buszard's famous 5-lb. Christmas Cakes or a Christmas Surprise Parcel with seasonable contents value 10s. 6d.

If these were the only prizes to be won, this increased opportunity to join John Bull's Christmas Party would make *Bullets* one of the finest Contests before the public to-day. But remember the cash opportunities also—particularly the thrilling possibility that the Competition Editor's £300 telegram on Friday, November 24 may bear your name and address.

It is not because of its prizes alone, however, that *Bullets* appeals—spend an hour with this page by your fireside to-night and test for yourself the tremendous satisfaction of weaving words into *Bullets* to be proud of.

Time is flying, however, so you have none to lose. Only if your entry is received by Saturday, November 11, can you figure amongst this week's winners.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, first read slowly through the list of *Examples* given, jotting down against each any rough comment which occurs to you.

These rough ideas have now to be cut and polished into TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up smoothly with the chosen *Example* and express your thought in apt and forceful phrasing.

Suppose, for instance, you were considering the *Example* ARMAMENTS. With the usual viewpoint in mind, you might well jot down as your rough idea *Mean Security, But Costly*.

This you could easily improve into the finished *Bullet*, ARMAMENTS—"SAFEGUARDS" ENDANGERING TAXPAYER'S "POSITION."

Before starting on your efforts, study the list of First Prize *Bullets* on the opposite page, noting particularly the careful choice of words.

Then get to work on the *Examples* and invite yourself to John Bull's Christmas Party or rise to a £300 *Bullet*.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

WAKE UP, WESTMINSTER
THIS WINTER
FIRST STOP
ARMAMENTS
POOR ANSWER
PAINFULLY CLEAR
MAN WHO THINKS
PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE
ALARMING
ACCORDING TO GRANDPA
WISE CHILD
SHE WANTS
IN CAME THE HERO AND SAVED HER
SHOUTING
SANDY'S MISTAKE
ALWAYS PAYS
BUSY WOMAN
THE WAITRESS
CASE OF HAVING TO
MY OPINION
WELL IN
PEACEFUL VILLAGE
ASLEEP
RAGING FURNACE
NEARER AND NEARER
TIME TO START
JOINING UP
FEAR
ORDERS ARE ORDERS, SO
OUR CAT
OUT FOR BLOOD
TONIC FOR FATHER
FACE TO FACE
CROWNING INSULT
FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Complete Courier*.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 911 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. Stainthorpe and Burrell, 41, Manor Park, Cheapside, Bradford.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE ____________________

BULLET ____________________

EXAMPLE ____________________

BULLET ____________________

(915) Closing SAT., Nov. 11

P.O. No. ____________________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ____________________

Address ____________________

EXAMPLE ____________________

BULLET ____________________

EXAMPLE ____________________

BULLET ____________________

(915) Closing SAT., Nov. 11

P.O. No. ____________________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ____________________

Address ____________________

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE ____________________

BULLET ____________________

EXAMPLE ____________________

BULLET ____________________

(915) Closing SAT., Nov. 11

P.O. No. ____________________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ____________________

Address ____________________

EXAMPLE ____________________

BULLET ____________________

EXAMPLE ____________________

BULLET ____________________

(915) Closing SAT., Nov. 11

P.O. No. ____________________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed ____________________

Address ____________________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 915 usually purchase "John Bull."

☞ **Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 915, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

1,750 XMAS PRIZES COMING NEXT WEEK!

When promotions were made....**Blake was first!**

Blake had always been the most outstanding of the men on his particular bookstall. That's how his employers came to notice him more. It was his spruce, alert appearance that attracted their attention. Not like the other men who shave only when it is really necessary and who use only ordinary soap, Blake has a man's shave *every* morning with his Lever's Easy Shaving Stick. That's because it's a soap made for the job. And his Lever's Easy gives him a hundred perfect shaves, though it costs him only sixpence. That's all it will cost you to enjoy the keenest, most comfortable shave it's possible to have—if you use Lever's Easy; just the kind of shave that makes a lot of difference to a man's appearance. And that's important when promotions are being made.

If you don't pass a dealer's on your way to work see that your Lever's Easy is on the household shopping list.

100 shaves for 6d

E 223-172-65 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

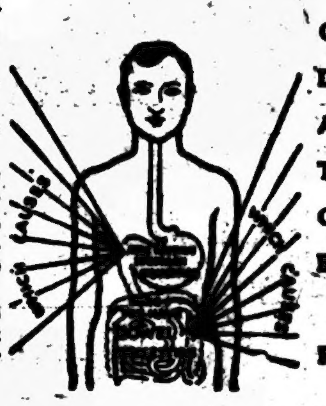
CICFA for INDIGESTION

If you suffer with Constipation, Flatulence, Acidity, etc., there is nothing like Cicfa for putting you right. Those painful and embarrassing symptoms are caused by Indigestion, and what you need is Cicfa, the scientific preparation of natural digestive ferments. Try Cicfa and you will experience instant relief, because it neutralizes excess acid in the Stomach; continue it, and you will secure perfect digestion, and as a result, complete daily elimination of waste products. Internal cleanliness follows the taking of Cicfa, with consequent benefit to health, vitality and spirits.

SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION

IN THE STOMACH

- **GASES in STOMACH** with Eructations.
- Sharp Neuralgic **HEADACHES.**
- **ACID** in Stomach with **HEARTBURN.**
- **TONGUE** coated white all over.
- **COMPLEXION** blotchy, with redness of nose.
- **EATING** disliked. Some Nausea.
- **PAINS** darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.



IN THE BOWEL

- **GASES in BOWEL** or Flatulence.
- Dull heavy **HEADACHES.**
- **ACIDITY** causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- **TONGUE** coated yellow at back.
- **COMPLEXION** muddy or pasty.
- **EATING** disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
- **PAINS** in Bowel, Griping and Constipation.

Gentlemen, 86, Rodney St., Hull.

I think it up to me to let you know what benefit I have derived from Cicfa. It is over four years since Cicfa cured me of Indigestion of a very violent nature.

I am pleased to say I can eat and enjoy meat, pastry, in fact any kind of food they put in front of me. If this should meet the eye of any doubters, refer them to me—I shall be only too pleased to tell them what Cicfa has done for me.

You can make any use of this testimonial to the goodness of Cicfa. I always carry a few tablets on me, but never have any cause to use them.

(Sgd.) J. DERRICK.

THOUSANDS OF BRITISH DOCTORS have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the satisfactory results they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you too can take it with perfect confidence.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 & 3/-, or post free from
THE CICFA CO., 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

£950 Won in Crossword Competition No. 233.

And 27-Guinea Radio Gramophone Won.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £750 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be sent.

J. T. Dawson, 606, Manchester Road, Hollinwood.
Miss C. Harding, Temple Cloud, Bristol.
Mr. Maltby, 43, Raby Street, Tinsley, Sheffield.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, November 14, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

RADIO GRAMOPHONE AWARD.—A 27 Guinea "Pye" Radio Gramophone was offered to the sharer of this week's First Prize whose square adjoining winning square was nearest correct. This Prize has been won by Miss C. Harding, who had three errors on the square adjoining her winning entry.

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between nine competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £11 2s. 3d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 232—238 competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of 8s. 6d. will be despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid X-word with a First three-in-one Prize, together with prizes for runners-up and Xmas Hampers appears on Page 40. Try your skill now!

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS

For Children cutting their Teeth,
Prevent Convulsions.
Are Cooling & Soothing.
Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

Sold in Stamped Boxes 1/3 & 3/- Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.

ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH?

Fennings' "Every Mother's Book" will give the advice you require. Ask your Chemist for a free copy or send to:—

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.

RECORD 'X.L.' BARGAIN BALE 20/-

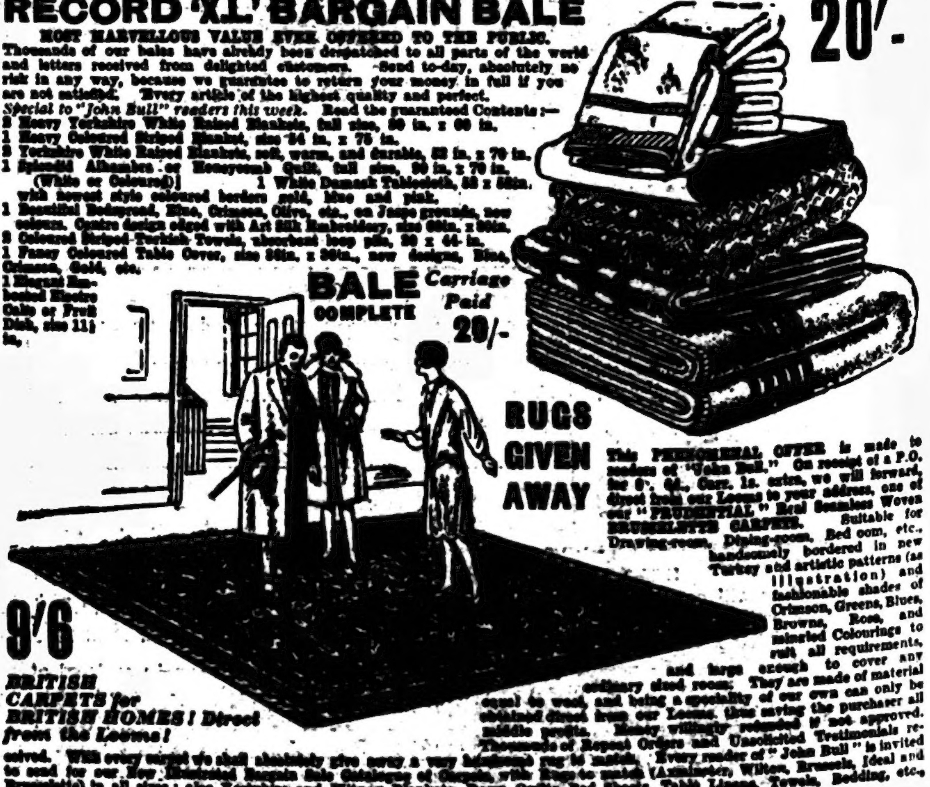
MOST MARVELLOUS VALUE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

Thousands of our bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect.

Special to "John Bull" readers this week. Read the guaranteed Contents:—

2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size, 80 in. x 60 in.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, size 54 in. x 75 in.
2 Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, and durable, 52 in. x 70 in.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 50 in. x 70 in. (White or Coloured)]
1 White Damask Tablecloth, 52 x 52in. with newest style coloured borders gold, blue and pink.
1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art Silk Embroidery, size 60in. x 90in.
2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, 20 x 44 in.
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36in. x 36in., new designs, Blue, Crimson, Gold, etc.
1 Elegant Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ in.

BALE COMPLETE *Carriage Paid* 20/-



RUGS GIVEN AWAY

9/6

BRITISH CARPETS for BRITISH HOMES! Direct from the Looms!

This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull." On receipt of a P.O. for 9s. 6d., Carr. 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" Real Seamless Woven BRUSSELETTE CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Every reader of "John Bull" is invited to send for our New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, with Rugs to match (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Brussolette) in all sizes; also Yorkshire and Witney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., at the lowest warehouse prices, free by return of post.

F. HODGSON & SONS, Manufacturers and Merchants, (Dept. J.B.), WOODSLEY ROAD, **LEEDS.**

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